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HINDU ART
AND THE ART OF
ANNA HYATT HUNTINGTON

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By EMILE SCHAUB-KOCH, F. I. A. L.



With 150 reproductions of the works of
Anna Hyatt Huntington

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LISBON / 1958

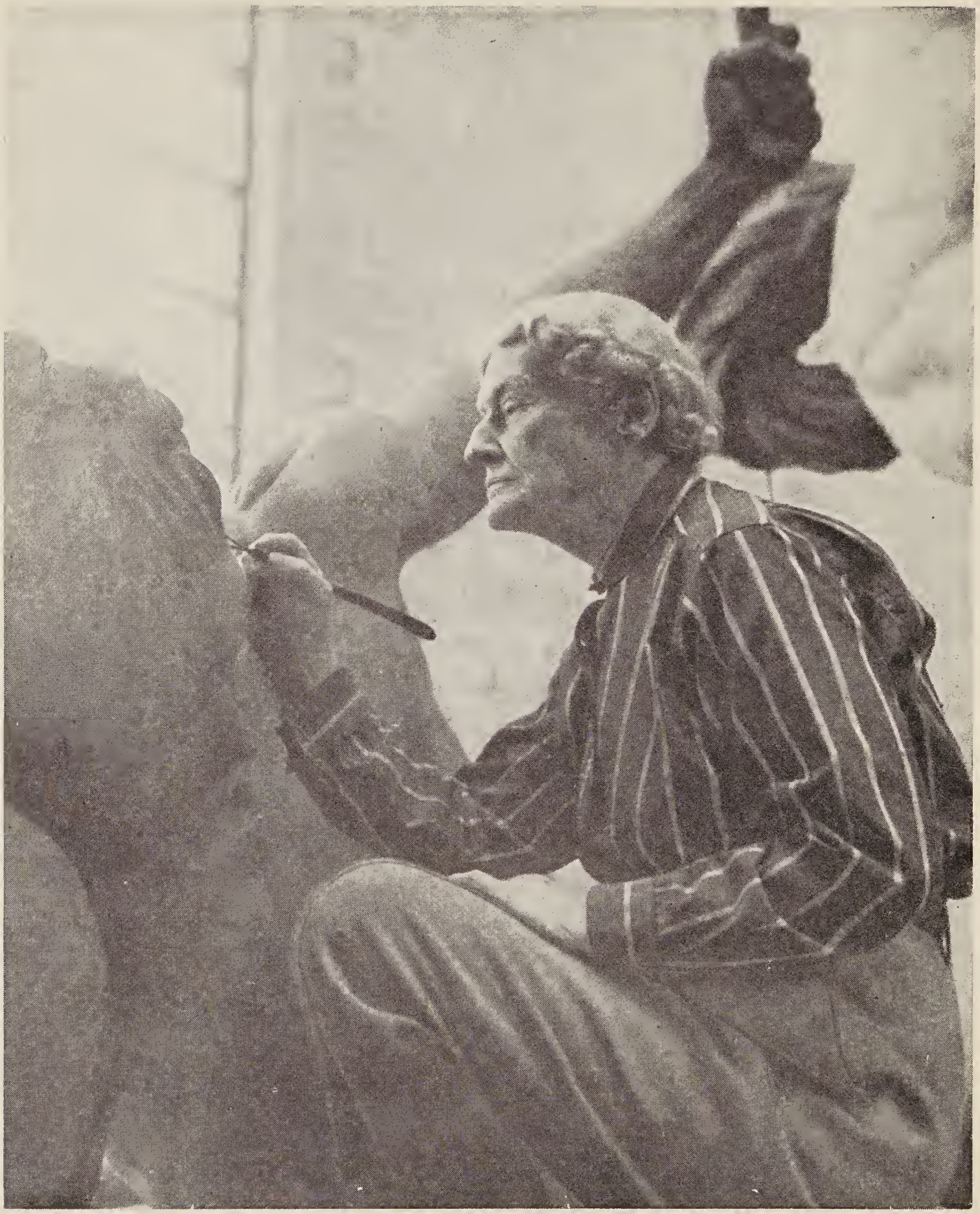
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The artist working on «Torch Bearers»

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I

HINDU art probably originated on the banks of the Indus. Many pre-historic statuettes, which elsewhere are few, have been discovered there, on the borders of Baluchistan, the Punjab and Lahore; they are in a state of decay which explains their mysterious antiquity. The oldest of the statuettes goes back, in round figures, to 2500 B. C. It is in dark stoneware, made with a grind-stone, and represents a dancing god. We can see that its conception is according to the rules of a realist doctrine quite different from our own. We will allow M. Stella Kramisch (translated by Ernoul) to define this realism for us: «Architecture ... in the fulness of its development has created in spatial terms a living intellectual approach to a supreme principle

whose symbol is divinity. Its image is the manifestation of divinity by means of a concrete work of art, and its monument is at once its body and its habitation. Images are formed by painting and sculpture in a combination which, by lines, proportions and colours, expresses the love of the absolute to which the gods and myths owe their being.»

Thus, there is a suggestion of architectural abstraction at the beginnings of Hindu *primitive* and *realist* art. This abstraction carries its own visual «two-sidedness» with it. («The Image».) Realistic methods are only interposed to give to the image the illusion of life. Thus we are, already in 2500 B. C., within a complete mystic and esotericism. We have written «already» because nothing has changed since that time, and because the painting and sculpture of India express the same attitude of mind and retain the some «two-sidedness». It is obvious that the plastic arts have always contained something of this kind of suggestion, and that it is only necessary to look at a horse, or a dog, or a monkey in Hindu representations of animals to comprehend that they express something more than Western naturalism would express in similar work. Nor is this imaginary.

At Mamallaporam, near Madras, there exists a couple of monkeys (a male clearing fleas from a female)

in black granite, carved in round relief, which, in subject, in posture of composition, and in execution is the equivalent of the work of Anna Hyatt Huntington. One understands at once that the two works, conceived on the same plane, can only be compared on one point: their naturalist execution. The monkeys of Madras date from about 650 A. D. At this date in the West (when the art of Alexandria was for the moment extinct, and would not reappear until the second phase of the Renaissance) there was no work of ours of such deliberately mature naturalism.

If we compare — though such a comparison has not much meaning — the Hindu artist's flea-catching monkey with the one by Anna Hyatt Huntington, we come to the conclusion that there is a fundamental difference of spirit between the two works, but that they do approach each other in methods of execution.

What, then, is Anna Hyatt Huntington's work? It is primarily a work of observation, a study of animal ways where everything that is represented is strictly true to nature. Her purpose is to interest and delight us. Her work calls up in us memories which add to its eloquence. Not one of us who has visited the Paris or Antwerp Zoo, or the *Tiergarten* of Hamburg or Berlin, has not seen just such a sight, and just as characteristic.

The object of Western art is to bring delight to a life which our positivism convinces us is a blessing.

But this life, which we direct to all kinds of pleasure, both intelligent or sensual, the Hindu artist regards as an affliction and as the essence of suffering, from which it is the only aim of man to escape. The object of art is to offer man the power of movement, wings which allow him to flee from this long but temporary misfortune of earthly life, and leave, here and there, a little of the weight of his distress behind him. Thus, art for the Hindu is only a preparation for death, only a succession of ways of getting rid of human consciousness and human cares so as to attain total deliverance, to attain *Moska*.

Just where Anna Hyat Huntington exalts earthly life, the Hindu artist, who disowns it, does not even welcome it. He proposes a future life, and the object of all his animal representations is merely to proclaim the transmigration of souls.

Why, then, does this naturalism exist in Hindu animal representations? First, to add to the idea of stages of deliverance. And then because Brahmans do not look askance at adding what is credible to their beliefs.

We must not lose sight of the religiosity of the

Hindu (which has nothing to do with religious consciousness), or his attachment to the supernatural and to the legendary. The reason for this is that 98 % of the people can only communicate with each other by some means other than by reading or writing; in other words, thought is without a vehicle. For lack of writing, the *image* is such a vehicle, and plays a great role in India. In the last reckoning, this means tradition. «The various phases of Hindu art correspond to such stages («stages of deliverance») and, from 300 B. C. until our day, more than two thousand years of their history can be traced, with another two thousand years before that.» We will leave the responsibility for his theories of pre-history to M. Stella Kramish. Our quotation simply affirms the power and permanence of myth and tradition in India. But we do think that, in spite of two completely different physical processes, the methods of execution are identically the same for the Hindu of any age as for the eminent artist who is the subject of our study.

It would be worth adding a note at the end of this study about the realism of the school of the valleys of Négus, and we will refer the reader to this. We do not dispute at all the curious beauty of the two pieces which represent this school at New Delhi, in the Hindu

National Museum, but we wonder that, in view of such a reduced number, anyone has been able to build up a scholarly theory covering almost four thousand years. M. Stella Kramish believed that the ancient art of the Hindus sunk its roots solidly into nature, and, so as to prove it skilfully to us, he studies the dynamic model of the dancing god and a torso with «pulsating life». The first piece dates from the second millenium B. C. The second dates from 300 B. C. What happened between those two pieces? We know nothing. Savants discuss it. What is evident is that the remnants of this dancing god reveal a sculptor infinitely superior to the period when he should have lived. The modelling has the perfection of Cellini's and, through the play of depth and surface, the same scrupulous elegance of the best of Bourdelle. It is quite impossible, in our humble opinion, that the god was worked gently. Any technician might still hear it turning and shaking... At first sight, it is very near to Anna Hyatt Huntington or to Egypt. The use of the grindstone is clear. It is enough to look at the hollows. There is the same kind of work as the Egyptian in «The Scribe» at the Louvre, for example, and it also was worked with the grindstone. As to the smooth and bright surfaces of the round relief where the daylight plays, they are obtained by the Egyptian

technique of rubbing with the palm of the hand, with some sand, and this softens the surface parts of the statue. We cannot say whether the subject before us is on the two or four planes studied by Paul Gsell, according to Rodin, speaking of the first Greek animated statues. There is nothing left of the work but the torso and the lower parts of the model. The limbs are lost, and also the head.

In the region of the Indus, but belonging to 300 B. C., there is a bull. (It is the label which assigns this capital section to the same museum at New Delhi.) The bull poses quite a problem. Ostensibly he has a hump, like a buffalo — a race now extinct in Indian lands and in Ceylon, and which must not be confused with the bison. This bull reveals an art much less evolved, in B. C. 3000 than the unique specimen of the same art dated by recognised experts as belonging to the second millenium B. C. The bull, except for some details on which we shall not insist, assumes only the semblance of a bull. The modelling is inexact and imperfect, and the animal seems to have the attributes of a male. Does this mean that sculpture was worse in 2500 B. C. than in 300 B. C.? Does it mean that we are among those who doubt the attribution of the dancing god to the second millenium? Not at all. We

see in the bull proof of that aesthetic of semblances which is still today one of the distinctive signs of the Hindu aesthetic and which we always find in Indian monuments and sculpture. It is exactly the same sculpture in Vette van Koil's «Védi» (upper section), Kaligumaloi, South India, of the Ninth Century. The catalogue does not say «Bull forming a Capital». It says «Capital in the form of a Bull». One appreciates the difference. The bull is only symbolic. It crowns allusively a Dharmastambla, that is, a pillar of cosmic law and order. A lotus-flower with falling petals unequally paired with a twisted moulding on the second circular pedestal, with all the conventions of the tree of life, and finally the «zébu» which combines the qualities of sculptural relief with those of bas-relief.

All this evidently constitutes an apparatus of theological or ideological allusions, which, in spite of the deep roots which the art of the Indus holds in nature, has no relationship with naturalism. The work is one to read rather than to contemplate.

We have already suggested and explained that the role of naturalism is merely accessory. We are nowhere near the conscientious and faithful modelling through which Anna Hyatt Huntington achieves the direct execution which allows her to reproduce her model.

But elsewhere there are rare cases where one hesitates to make such a discrimination, as, for example, is the case of what remains of the «Lady Richly Attired» (private collection, Calcutta), dating from 300 B. C. The modelling of the face and breast is emphasised artificially by plaques and ornaments. Only a fragment of the coiffure remains, with a hooped skirt and a scarf to complete the costume. The rest has disappeared. The planification seems to have been fourfold, as in the «Tanagrean Dancers». The attitude and the movement are frankly realist. The execution is trying to be. She has that imperfect charm of the archaic Greek. But she stands out in graphic symbol as an obvious work of art, if an enigmatic one.

With Anna Hyatt Huntington there is nothing enigmatic. Everything is exact and clear in a holy hierarchy, and in the splendour of logical order. No sculpture is more Cartesian.

Let us try an experiment before we conclude. Suppose we are standing before a model, either an animal or a human in the nude. Suppose that there are two sculptors, a Hindu of any period, and the American artist. The two sculptors are looking at the same model, but they see it differently. What is it that makes their vision different? Simply the drama of reality. The

American artist cannot prevent herself from putting down with all her latent power what she sees, or wait till her natural intelligence suggests the semblances to her. The Hindu does not accept this interpretation. He does not accept reality, which he regards as a blasphemous illusion. He only acknowledges truth, and even this he can only divine in hidden form, even though it may be revealed only for a moment. In the aesthetic which has traditionally been handed down to him, truth is always hidden. There is a psychological reason for this: truth (the absolute meaning of reality) cannot be plainly revealed. The gods have preferred truth to be hidden — that men may be shielded from its discovery; but woe to those who go beyond the limit or who divulge its secrets.

Anna Hyatt Huntington looked at people and things with a mature decision to extract the truth from them and abolish the semblances. And there is another side of the drama: the impossibility for men to understand the absolute nature of truth in its complete unity.

If there had not been this contradiction between the problems posed by East and West, perhaps the world would have known only one art: photography perfected by the cinema.

But God, in creating the world, preferred to have it diversified, moulded and coloured, and did not spare men apparent contrasts and contradictions which are sometimes insoluble for us. Apollo, chief of the Muses, might be regarded as a third force in the problem which we are studying. Is he not anywhere — yet everywhere? Has not a poet said of art — which embraces all the creations of the God of Europe and of the God of Asia — that each has its share of it and that all have the whole of it? Why not imagine Apollo, son of Zeus, triumphant and invisible, addressing our two artists in a tone softened by the infinite: «I, Apollo, creator of the beauty and appearance of all things, am I not the only truth, by the truth that is in me? Am I not the supreme truth towards which all other truths converge, for in the Absolute only what is beautiful can be true? Such is existence. You can verify it, both of you, because, East or West, only my truth exists and all your labour struggles towards it. Each of you have being only through me. But if you had not been my witnesses in the eyes of men, would I have existed, relatively, for them? You have been my infallible witnesses without even having seen me, through the works which you have dedicated to me. Without them, I should have had no real notion of my kingdom and its splendours, except through

the empty phrases of some more or less inspired philosophers. You are standing before me, the invisible Apollo, only to represent me through the prism of some subject or other. It is, alas, fatal for you to aim at any other realisation. But what can I do for you, my witnesses? You are my witnesses in the eyes of men, so I will be yours before the gods. I can only verify your efforts and your striving to approach me, for I am only a ray of light animating the myriads of forms and making them extol me. These forms, you must believe, are myself. How do I know it? I know that I am the light. And because of it, let us pluck one by one the petals of a gay daisy: first one, then more, everything — nothing! Being, or unity, is for you as for me, only a risk to be run. The gods, who inflict destiny on man, must themselves follow a blind destiny. Our course is the same, in the opposite sense. We cannot not meet each other. My fate, which is to be invisible, is wrapped up with my fair radiance, but it shines on you too, both of you at the same time. If those who compete in the plastic arts seek hard for me without being able to produce work which truly understands me, it is because I am condemned by destiny to be invisible. My highest aim is not to stir up equivocation and hostility among artists, who are my witnesses, but to

give them union, harmony and real concord, even if the different roads which you follow cannot bring you there. I am one alone, and beauty is one.»

Every artist, before he uses his beliefs, his training, methods and routines, has a sacred duty to meditate silently so as to simplify as much as possible the subject which he is treating. It is in this that, at the outset, West and East, India and America, can meet with confidence. Do they desire to create the same thing? No. But there is a primary agreement that the purpose is to extract the hidden truth from the subject, so that it may be made clear.

Inevitably, realism must follow.

Such realism is the aim of Anna Hyatt Huntington, without any doubt. For her, the whole aesthetic is to bring out the truth of natural forms.

Is such realism an aim of the Hindu sculptor? No, because for him forms are intended to hide the truth, and their necessary appearance is a veil. Such realism, as we have explained, is intended only to deceive the eye by adding a fairly strong dose of credibility to beliefs, or to mysticism, or to superstitions.

But what does it matter? At a given moment realism is the same and seeks the same methods. There is a

deep understanding, strongly ephemeral, but which adds to mutual comprehension.

Thus art is one, if customs differ. One of the finest passages in Robert de la Sizeranne is the one where he develops the idea that mystic art had been used to uphold religious feeling, and that the Church, confronted with the realist art of the Renaissance, hesitated, more from fear of the effect of such eloquent propaganda in emancipating the spirit than from fear of a revival of paganism. One recalls the reaction aroused by the iconoclastic Savonarola. An intelligent Pope had him condemned, an declared that henceforward ecclesiastical art would enlist Hellenistc realism in sculpture for the exaltation of religious subjects.

Are there some Hindu artists who have done the same? One of them, a sculptor, explains it thus: «An art like Anna Hyatt Huntington's is produced by the accuracy of her extremely lifelike modelling, and by the naturalist perfection of her work. Is Hindu art approached in such way? Yes, and no. In any case, such a work with us is rich in teachings. One of these teachings is that naturalism can serve as a jumping-off point for an idealistic flight which is dear to us.»

We did not ask this artist whether he could confirm the popular reaction of which we have already spoken, but he did tell us that the literate classes are becoming more and more independent, from the religious point of view, although they respect traditions. He followed Matthiew's theory, according to which the plastic arts of India have, ever since 300 B. C., the date when history becomes fairly certain, continued to cast a spell over the people in their various beliefs and superstitions, and this largely because writing has not been open to them. The implication of this is just the opposite of what happened in the West at the time of the Renaissance.

But we must take into account another factor, while always following the judgement of our sculptor: «Your Western aesthetic has continually evolved, India's is a unity, and has shown itself, since its beginnings, in both a monumental and a decorative genius. She uses what is concrete in the service of abstraction and the natural suffers from this. But ever since art began, the people have been under its influence. Her only culture, richer moreover than one might think, is a culture shown in images. Indeed, in the recent elections, the candidates and even the government addressed themselves to public opinion by means of images in the voting. This people,

which thinks in images, is extremely sensitive, and, confronted with Anna Hyatt Huntington's liberated animals, has experienced a sort of sudden artistic emancipation. Ultra-conservative India is beginning to take pleasure in what is new.

Will freedom in art once again be the prelude to liberation of the conscience? Clearly it is not at all a question of an anti-religious reaction, but of a change in the way of looking at things. As we saw in studying the bull of 300 B. C., many monumental statues can be methodically deciphered like a pun or a riddle.

There is also the question of style. The art is relaxed in execution, as we have said, in some works of evident beauty. The excellent bas-relief of the *Griffin,* mounting a balustrade, (Stupa of the Saints, Sanchi, 250 B. C.) is a marked exception. One feels that hesitation and inability are often at fault. And this at the point where one could make of it a *table* where the hollows and masses are prepared. This *table* would become a physical table raised between the external world and the Hindu artist. In the hollows he represents sensorial values as he understands them. The massive parts stand for the impossibility of having any other sensations, or for their denial. The man who rebels against form is insensitive to light. There is

evidence of this, for instance, in the «Centaur Carrying off a Woman» (same balustrade of the great Stupa, Sanchi, 200 B. C.) and in Jalai at the head of a horse ridden by a knight (same place, same period.) The brain functions badly without complete and co-ordinated rules. Otherwise, the artist is charmed by form and insensible to colour, or he may perceive the structure in his mind without feeling any reaction of the affective movements. It is very frequent at this period, 300 B. C. to 50 B. C. to find this incomplete character in an art which is imperfect but of great integrity.

Anna Hyatt Huntington never leaves these voids. She puts down only what her mind confirms by observation, and in conformity with nature. She would have no interest at all in a subject which was not a source of emotion to her. M. insists on the importance of the workshop character which long applied to Hindu art. A patron, sometimes working with, or advised by, an artist, works at the subject with one or more workmen. The great works which we admire are built by contract and there seems no question of individual genius in the actual working, except perhaps in the original idea and in the *maquette*. The necessary labour is done by the sweat of the brow. And this would not be held in esteem except by us. No work of art

in India has been executed with the aim of sculptural perfection. One has a foreboding, amounting to certainty, that a great master would have put his ideas and his sensibility to some other use. There is little sense of skill acquired by the practice of an art, or of the ardour of intuition. The masterpieces became descriptive, and the representation of animals became decorative — as in the case of the elephant on the unfinished bas-relief cut into the surface of a rock at Mallalapuram (Seventh Century). This could only be adversely compared with Anna Hyatt Huntington's «Elephant Charging», or her famous «Alligator Curled-up» — as in a ball. We prefer the fantastic animals, the marvellous peacocks which one sees everywhere, and above all the stylised statue of a lion. (Suhanja, Fortress of Gwalior; archeological museum, Eleventh Century.)

When we consider the opposite phenomenon of the abundance of the massive parts, our study becomes easier than what we have just been criticising at too great length. In this case, reality is no longer reflected in numberless semblances, and its image disappears into full lyricism, for it itself is lyrical. Reality of this order does not tolerate the slightest semblance. Anna Hyatt

Huntington shows it to us from many aspects of the subject corresponding to degrees of orientation.

No artist ever created a semblance, not at least in his first studies. If they spring up, it is because he has experienced them. The action in Anna Hyatt Huntington's work consists in reconciling, coordinating, ordering the elements of her subject. After this examination (we can see that) the word semblance no longer denotes incomplete knowledge, and the word is rarely used by an artist in the sense of not losing a detail of the observation of life.

To the Hindu a special notion of semblances and their religious reference in an occultism pervading all truth, means that it is calamitous for art to seek knowledge of reality. In the West, is not that the sole aim of the plastic arts? A good many Hindu artists have been deeply influenced by the revelation of Western realism after they have studied it and accepted methods used in work like that of Anna Hyatt Huntington. They have given it a triumphant welcome, dreaming that they may have the means of execution to seize reality itself and to think of it as an end. Once again, this does not imply any anti-religious reaction but an attempt to liberate art from a tradition which has mummified it for so many centuries. What is it that

they want? To abolish the obscure quality of «two-sidedness» and appearances? Not even that. One of them, Gares, who has disturbed the aesthetic world a little, announces that the appearance of a subject does not spring from error or trickery, since it groups and demands and even exacts the elements of a truth. He says, besides, that a simple psychic operation receives and perpetuates the play of appearances, in proportion to the worth and number of the ordered elements. If they are of minor significance and reduced number, and not very compatible to bring into agreement, the artist cannot make very much of them. He can only give his subject a humble appearance, abandoned to possibilities harmful to the reality of the subject.

There is a separation between the artist himself and the obligation to an esoteric comprehension of the subject. Art is emancipated from a doctrine deriving from belief and the safe surrender of faith; and it has become free from the shackles which it has endured since its origin. This has happened under the power of Western influences.

As for us, what do we think of this little revolution? We should say at once that the appearance could only consist of elements coming from the reality which it hides, and that there is really nothing very tenable,

in the eyes of the West, in the fundamental «two-sidedness» to which the artist finds himself constrained. Art gains by it, because it is no longer limited to indications, but to *a living creation of the subject treated*. One could even find some basis for the idea that characteristics belonging to appearances have their origin in the subject itself. But it matters little. Some artists are subjugated by aesthetic disciplines of intellectual contingencies. Could they restrain themselves a little longer from altering the truth they have obtained, for the benefit of purely sensorial impressions? No-one can say, «It is thus and not otherwise that I conceive my subject. There, for me, is reality!» Where, then, is the reality and where the appearance of the model, in all this? It would be easy to mark the appearance by slackness of execution. But one cannot possibly doubt that, between the appearance and the reality, an aesthetic creation is interposed. And it is not the same thing. So why lie in the name of a more or less specious aesthetic?

Night, its subject-matter abolished by darkness, becomes invisible. It has not lost any of its reality. This reality, as the sculpture of Anna Hyatt Huntington affirms, is an absolute principle which variations in lighting cannot change. It follows that the characteristics

of a subject are inspired or modified by events. They become states of reality which give the illusion of appearances. Such appearances live in the memory of the artist. He refers back to them, so that, instead of working on the first impression of a preliminary look, he works on memory-images. This does not alter anything we have said. Besides, if, according to Delacroix, and then Rodin, nothing is to be rejected which belongs to the subject, let us do as the masters do and Anna Hyatt Huntington; let the artist walk round his subject. What is seen when face-to-face with the subject is always incomplete.

The great lesson to be learnt from Anna Hyatt Huntington is not in her admirable modelling, nor from her sure composition, nor from her faithful realism. It is above all from the direct and loyal manner in which she captures the personality of a man, a woman, or a beast. If her realism separates itself so perfectly from her work, it is because Anna Hyatt Huntington knew how to unite a number of essential characteristics. There is with her no more esotericism. Her art is integrated with earthly life. Everything in it is dynamic. Whether the sun raises or lowers his light, what lights the statue puts her in motion. From then, the bronze expresses itself in a language which expresses the varied succession

of expressions. It is in the unity of this succession that the deep meaning of the subject consists. Is it not the same for our eyes, looking as we walk round the statue?

May there be characteristics which resolve themselves into appearances, but may they do so at the same time as Anna Hyatt Huntington gets near to the reality of her model! Our Hindu sculptors have clung too fast to the relationships of appearances of all kinds. They will make allowance, henceforward, not, if possible, to represent one of them as the final truth, since henceforward, for them, appearances and reality will be two finites of one and the same thing.

II

The Hindu peoples cling to their institutions, to their agelong beliefs and to their aesthetics; but this does not preclude anyone from coming to terms with Hindu art — or, rather, with its legendary traditions which go back almost to the Garden of Eden — and comparing it with any pure form of Western art. But it does mean that, in the field of comparative aesthetics, we are somewhat confined and restricted.

The creative genius of two civilisations and their traditions cannot be weighed or brought into a balance, particularly when their art itself assumes opposite forms. We therefore have to deal with quite distinct elements which cannot be brought into relation or even separated from themselves.

Since this essay is designed for literary readers in India, who would like to know more about the work of Anna Hyatt Huntington, it is first necessary to summarise for their convenience the nature of her work and her sculpture.

Anna Hyatt Huntington, widow of Archer Milton Huntington, celebrated American poet (*A Flight of Birds, The Abbesses of Vallbona,* etc.) and a founder president of the Hispanic Society of America, was the daughter of a professor of paleontology. When quite young, she became deeply interested in morphology and animal physiology, and, when she could not study in the zoos, she did so at circuses and sketched and modelled moving animals. Her extraordinary talent was noticed and encouraged by her parents and associates.

We soon find her working in a New York academy and especially in one of the zoological gardens of the American metropolis. Thus she developed the expertise and inspiration which gave to the work of her hands that mark of real talent, which belongs to all great artists.

We next find her in Italy, studying particularly the Renaissance of the time of Michael Angelo. After this fruitful journey, Anna Hyatt Huntington set herself up in Montparnasse.

But her passion for animals did not cause her to lose sight of art as a whole. She did not have to learn about the French «grand siècle», from Coysevox to Houdon, or to Clodion, and so on, because that has always been the basis of normal teaching in the United States (*cf.* Louis Réau); but she did study it with particular attention so as to find out what it really was, namely, a revived Italian Renaissance.

Italy, at the height of the supreme effervescence that followed Michael Angelo, was introduced into France by the radiant genius of Jean Goujon. Later on, there was little Italian appeal in the superb creations of Pierre Puget. Contrasted with the wild excesses of Michael Angelo's successors, Jean Goujon and Pierre Puget were already presenting that unique quality of proportion which the forceful dynamism of a Bernini looked upon as cold and anti-sculptural. Cellini's wonderful «Nymph» was still in the shadow of the portico of Fontainebleau's château to defy by its baroque splendour the sterility of these impassioned executions. It now opposes, under the lintel of the château of Anet, its unstudied physical harmony to the contradiction of abstract sculpture.

There was certainly one lesson wich Anna Hyatt Huntington did not miss, and that was the lesson which

Girardon proved for all time in «The Abduction of Proserpine», namely, that proportion and harmony were compatible with movement and that the dynamism which stamps its creative genius on the subject-matter rejects at the same time, on aesthetic grounds, the crude declaiming which Michael Angelo himself always condemned. The French «grand siècle» in its strict naturalism had nothing in common with the antique. It definitely had its origin in the Italian Renaissance, and its two connecting links were Jean de Bologne and Jean Goujon.

These two wonderful masters belong less to the Renaissance of Michael Angelo's time than to its «clearing». As Rodin said, Michael Angelo had nothing in common with the antique. His is simply Gothic art in its loftiest flight.

All this Anna Hyatt Huntington seems to have understood. In her work only indirect signs occasionally revive memories of the Renaissance. (e. g. the horse in «Youth»).

Even in the great square of Seville, it is French naturalism which triumphs in «The Campéador». «The Cid» has nothing of the antique and has nothing Italian in style. He is a bearded Spaniard, a seigneur of the 15th Century, whose allegorical type, a little rough and

lyrical, is historically worked. As for his horse, it is the same type as «Barbeca», a Spanish half-breed of Moorish ancestry, whose last breeder was Alfonso XIII.

This naturalism in French sculpture, although opposed to the tone of Michael Angelo, is really Italian in origin. It carries forward the influence of Jean de Bologne, who was partly responsible for it and who, since his time, has influenced Italy and France by the power of his idealisation.

But if Jean de Bologne reached the zenith of his art, this became evident in 18th Century France, even if it is not so apparent to our eyes. Because of his Italian training, Jean de Bologne, foremost sculptor of his time, could never have known of the repercussions of his work in the country which he covered with his masterpieces. He brought measurement and exact proportions, and a refined sensibility, to a country which preferred disproportion, thinking that it expressed feeling better. In the monumental work of Anna Hyatt Huntington we sit under the shade of the incomparable «Pigalle» as naturally as the artist herself looked back to Clodion, in the graceful craftmanship and the exact modelling which has given us «Diana drawing the Bow».

Clodion's reputation has been injured by too much use of his work for ornamental purposes. His work

has been copied for silversmiths' figures, chandeliers, clock cases, and even bath taps. Copyright laws were too faulty to prevent such profanities. Instead, they made such work profitable and encouraged it. Those who have studied Clodion's original work know that he was, like Houdon, the last great sculptor of his line, and that his work consisted only of masterpieces.

He was hard on himself and very self-critical, throwing his board at the statues and statuettes which displeased him.

The «Diana» of Anna Hyatt Huntington, which an ignorant pedant has compared to the antique, has nothing in common with either Greece or Rome. It is one of those perfect «nus» whose type Clodion had realised even before the 18th Century had discovered it. At one and the same time it relies on glossy surfaces and elongated modelling, and not the shapeless forms of the Baroque.

Clodion and Anna Hyatt Huntington are Cellini's opposites, although this does not prevent each of them from perfecting works of art, of which «Diana» is such a work.

Romanticism began in the 18th Century. Here we are only concerned to discuss the romantic characteristics of Anna Hyatt Huntington, and we cannot repeat in

this work what we have previously written in many large volumes, in reviewing the considerable catalogue of the monumental sculptures of Anna Hyatt Huntington, which are to be found throughout the Western countries and the United States, in public squares, in gardens, in open-air museums and flanking monuments, as well as in churches.

In the literary sense, French romanticism had its origins in Germany: Schiller, Goethe, Uhland and the patriotic poets are examples of this. But in poetry and sculpture, French romanticism is Spanish, Italian and Oriental. Cervantes' *Don Quixote* was popular with the general public in 1820-24, Delacroix and Decamps painted the Orient, while Victor Hugo published the *Orientales* and Alfred de Musset his poems, both verse and prose, stories of Spain and Italy, *Namouna,* and so forth. There is Oriental inspiration in Anna Hyatt Huntington's fauna (her lions, tigers, elephants, camels, etc.), but especially in her monuments. The «Ship of the Desert» shows, in a tragic setting, a camel carrying its rider with the swift and instinctive regularity of its predestined animal mechanism.

«Boabdil leaving Granada» and «Don Quixote», at the sides of the American Hispanic Society Museum in New York, recall by their eloquence the most

beautiful poems of the East, with their varying shades of poignant sadness. We shall not discuss the huge beardless Don Quixote, delivered up to a fate where the tragic overcomes the comic, and which is in such contrast to the foregoing, for it would require comment which goes beyond our subject.

It is no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha — picturesque and ridiculous in his obsession with chivalry and the feudal tradition, restrained by the good Sancho. In this work of considerable proportions, cast in aluminium, Anna Hyatt Huntington has disintegrated the feeling of the subject itself, and has reincarnated the knight of the woeful countenance in a symbolic personality which totally contradicts the conventional hero, and reveals only his spiritual distress.

It is a work quite distinct from the study on which we are engaged, a work which Théophile Gautier — who only used words in their noblest sense — would have called (about 1845) an extraordinary artistic fantasy. We should call it a wonderful vision, a phantasmagorical interpretation of the subject.

It was Anna Hyatt Huntington's way — need we say it? — to get as close as possible to nature, and to put herself under the spell of a strange and magical lyricism. In «Don Quixote» she shuns the monumental

anecdote, but she sets it free in her romantic «Torch Race». (As is well known, the theme of the classical poets on the subject has been dramatised by Paul Hervier and others). This same lyricism is completely exteriorised in «Lady Godiva».

«The Joans of Arc» are rather different. The one which stands on the high terrace of the Church at Blois is thunderous, equestrian, and romantic to a degree. The one which appeals to the faithful in the Cathedral of St. John in New York is entirely subjective and religious in inspiration, evoking intense spiritual emotion. The statue is upright, leaning on a classical sword — that is, a sword of which the crossguard compounds with the hilt and the blade, which are forged into a decorated Latin cross. We remind ourselves that the monuments of Anna Hyatt Huntington are very numerous, always embodying and recalling the essential qualities of the high period of French sculpture.

Sculptural expression is male and powerful, expressing the desired emotions by a skilful play of forms, and generally it cannot be doubted that the sculptor is a woman.

Unlike Houdon and Rodin, the modelling is never *criblé*. It is uneven in a rhythmic way, and furrowed, recalling Cellini's method. Anna Hyatt Huntington

excels in analysis. Her style rarely approaches synthesis, except sometimes in statuettes, imaginatively composed, perhaps with the idea of enlarging them to life-size when the opportunity should arise. («Sea Horses» and «All Bridles in One Hand»). It is here, more than in the «Diana», that goldsmith's work is to be seen, even though it is not done by a goldsmith.

There is something magical in goldsmith's work to be seen, even though it is not done by a goldsmith.

There is something magical in goldsmith's (*orfévré*) work. In the execution of a composed subject, technical processes are used to evoke what is marvellous or supernatural. Our young sculptors, who delight in facile solutions, and who think Cellini a virtuoso in the art of making salt-cellars, have solved the problem by disarticulating their models, by breaking with respect for proportions, and by deforming at pleasure, even in *orfévré*! Anna Hyatt Huntington is live-giving, remaining faithful to nature and her laws, while refining a little, as one puts on jewels to go to the ball.

The master of *orfévré,* and the creator of the style which he pretended had come from Cellini, is Fremiet. He went so far as to gild over his frisky statue of Joan

of Arc set up in the Place des Pyramides in Paris. It is very far from being a specimen of the goldsmith's art. It is the perfection of effulgence.

A statue like «All Bridles in One Hand» suggests those miraculously beautiful women who hide nothing of their countenances and who seem to be saying to you: «Behold how beautiful I am!»

Beauty gains by allowing itself to be revealed, by holding attention and seducing while it is being watched. It is a gift of some enchanting talents to cast over you a gaze full of it.

To have arrived at this intensive charm displays the extraordinary mastery of Anna Hyatt Huntington. But she is wise enough to return quickly to the eternal standards of classic art, and there again we find her quite as incomparable as in her compositions, tinged with the marvellous. We love her especially in her rustic scenes where, mistress of all the notes on the keyboard of her art, she composes, in monumental style, yet with great psychological insight, children playing with cockroaches. Here is a rare tenderness and sureness of touch which does not astonish because its charm is too captivating for astonishment.

One of the primordial qualities of great talent, in a monumental subject, is harmonious and balanced

composition, always following recognized rules, tested by the experience of the artist as well as by the whole history of art itself. The subject, allegorical rather than allusive, and treated descriptively rather than by suggestion, is contained in a polyhedric symbol of great simplicity. The concern of the artist is to balance her masses; an equilibrium achieved with an architectural rather than a graphic pencil allows her at the start to establish her lines. These lines are simple and pure, but their play is often of great complexity, and unity is achieved by attitude or movement. This means that a monument by Anna Hyatt Huntington is invariably structural in spirit, and of rare stability.

One of her most beautiful monuments represents a group of colts. The movement of each animal is different, but, taken as a whole, the work has a rhythm definable at a single glance, though essentially irregular. Is not this the key to great sculpture? And, though arrived at in a different way, is it not also the equivalent of the grouped movements which, as the art historians say with reason, are at the basis of the great Hindu compositions?

The Hindu artist appraises the general movement which he wishes to obtain, and what his subject will be. Having obtained this movement in the mass, he sculpts

this mass with the object of integrating every detail in the group. Anna Hyatt Huntington does it the opposite way. She does not sacrifice the smallest detail, but she is concerned to make all the details part of the general movement. She achieves the whole group by modelling each animal with an individual form.

In follows that composition evolves parallel with execution. The rough *maquette* has been only a point of departure.

The monumental art of Anna Hyatt Huntington is only one of the aspects of her talent. Her busts could be included, because they are monumental in spirit, following the method used in her monuments. Her monuments are always very idealistically conceived, but when it is a question of portraiture, there is an evident stamp of realism.

What is a portrait in sculpture? A search for resemblance between the subject and its representation, says the Academy. Agreed, but *a posteriori.*

Nothing at all will be achieved if at the outset the portrait artist attempts to put into the mass a nose, eyes, a forehead, chin, a smile, imitated from the features of the model. There are secret but discoverable affinities between physical traits and the character of the model. They have to be discovered, and the resulting expression

must be obtained. This is the art of portraiture in the work of the man who, with Rodin, has realised the most true — masculine and feminine effigies.

We are not thinking of Rodin, but of Houdon. His method, and his conception of the portrait bust, are immortal.

Rodin and later Bourdelle, went further. Rodin, in his superb portraits, knew by heart the traits in the proportions of the human body. At Florence, his friend Rosso, an Italian sculptor who died about 1900, is said to have «produced a Rodin before Rodin», but this is not true, for they only helped each other in mutual innovations. Rosso translated into French an obscure old Lombard book written in local dialect. It was a collection of observations by an obscure sculptor of the 16th Century, who was interested in proportions, and who affirmed that all the agreements between the traits of the human face correspond to those of the model in the nude.

This theory fascinated Rodin, and he resolved to verify the idea with professional models in the studio of a Florentine sculptor whom he knew well. They arrived at obvious conclusions.

Rodin, who, at the beginning of his career in Rome, had been an architectural draftsman, and knew how to

handle a firm pencil, tried, for a wager, to draw the nude of a model according to the data of the face. And, according to Rodin, he was only a little wrong. To verify this, Rodin undertook to make the bust of a friend.

Rodin was not, however, satisfied with his busts, and, to the great surprise of the model, begged him to remove his clothes. Rodin studied his anatomy and came to a conclusion as to his character. The Duchess of Choiseul in turn offered to undergo the experiment. She was American, Catholic, and of real beauty enhanced by maturity.

Bourdelle, who had experience with Rodin, arrived at a theory which brought him surprising results. He asserted at a dinner of «The Pen» («La Plume») that he refused to make the bust of any model who would not agree to a preliminary sitting in the nude; but perhaps he exaggerated a little. It is certain that, from the time when this method was put into practice, Bourdelle's busts abandoned all concern with decoration. Perhaps such decoration had masked unconquered difficulties? Possibly. In any case, Bourdelle's beautiful bust, which recall those of the Alexandrine sculpture of Rome and those of Pollajuolo, date from this period.

Despiau, shortly before his death, told of how he used the method whenever possible. - And this great master of feminine portraiture, described the bust, the portrait, the sculptured mask, as «the correspondence between the nude of the model and her face.»

We have been discussing the aesthetic methods of the great masters of modern sculpture in order to prove that there is infinitely more in a portrait than resemblance, and that one cannot achieve the only true resemblance, the resemblance of the mind, except *a posteriori* and by following indirect methods.

Anna Hyatt Huntington was absolutely of this opinion. For her, there existed in human traits only a revelation of the spirit, and this was how she undertook a portrait. It would be fastidious for us to give a list of her busts. Suffice to say that we recognize their unity, their sobriety, and their solidity.

Anna Hytt Huntington had no fear of the richness of her compositions. But however considerable this richness may be, she excels in using it to good purpose, and not to attract notice by extravagance. Her character portraits are always admirably candid and with definite understanding and sure psychology; and without faults of craftsmanship.

From what has already been said, we are only beginning to understand Anna Hyatt Huntington's ideas about sculpture. She is first and foremost an artist who knows her craft. She follows nature. But not nature as it would appear to a landscape artist, for example, or a painter of the nude, or a portrait painter, or a painter of interiors; play of light and shade, forms, etc.

Nature, for the sculptor, is reduced to an architectural «medium». Nature has to be a succession of planes, of masses with the hollows underlined by the play of light and shade. Out of this whole, profiles arise, with lines and shapes, colours being suggested by degrees of light or by surfaces. And the Academy sums it up: «Nature is Life». His not that at all. For the sculptor there are three different lives with which he must simultaneously reckon. Three lives, yet all in one.

The first life is the one which comes out in the surfaces of the material, in the light which creates forms and colour. Then there is the life in the work of art itself, the life which belongs only to the work of art, and which is born and develops as the artist's work proceeds. Again, and different from the internal life of the work of art, there is the life of the model, whose every sigh changes the expression, even during sleep.

The model changes expression each tenth of a second of his life. He is never immobile and fixed, except in death. So the expression of the model is relative, for the sculptor has nothing in common the $1/25^{th}$ of a second of instantaneous photography. The model is never like himself, and it requires an effort of the mind to reproduce nature scrupulously — to evaluate the idealised agreement between so many different changes of expression.

These agreements create a rhythm which is itself creative. The deformations of Florentine baroque art have just this object, to bring out what we have just been defining. Nature, who is never like herself each 25^{th} of a second, cannot be reproduced, or rather evoked, for the reproduction is an illusion of the artist of nature in establishing a series of agreements. These agreements constitue the external life of the work, the life of the surfaces. But the work will not have any viability if these thousands of agreements are not co-ordinated. And it is their co-ordination which makes the profound internal life appropriate to a work of art, which comes from mental effort and is created by the mind itself.

A succession of planes requires that there must be affinity between them. These relationships are perspectives. You do not look a statue in the face like

a bas-relief. A statue is made so that one can walk around it.

Perspectives are not a whole. They vary according to the point where you are standing as you walk around the work. They vary as well from the fact that the artist has levelled and counterlevelled them; that is to say, sculpted the subject while seeing it from higher or lower than the line of horizon. If he had seen it from the line of horizon there would have been foreshortenings and that would have resulted in deformations, real or ideal. Real deformations are somewhat rare. In sculpture there is an instance in Verocchio: an extended arm, brandishing a sword towards the spectator; in painting, the body in Mantegna's «The Weeping Christ» (Brera, Milan). Such foreshortening has been used by Rembrandt in «Professor Tulp's Anatomy Lesson». Michel Angelo often deformed in appearance, but rarely in fact. So we see that the aesthetic practice of sculpture is far from being a faithful copy of nature. There is also the concern for the high-lights, the grouping to give the illusion of life to the lights and shadows, and the distribution of the masses without disturbing the equilibrium. This equilibrium requires that the statue is contained within a trigonometrically limited space called the «Symbole».

Nevertheless, Anna Hyatt Huntington's art is dynamic, and this simplifies the physical trigonometry of her sculpture. It might be thought that action in sculpture would add to the difficulties. That is not the case, for a little movement, physiologically faithful, reveals the work, and if the movement is natural, the difficulties are almost overcome. That is because the dynamism of human nature contains within itself all the conventions needed to conquer the difficulties.

These considerations explain the way in which the naturalistic principles of Anna Hyatt Huntington have led her to perfection.

No doubt both human nature and art are indefinitely perfectible. But sometimes an art, served by better techniques and better skill to use them, reaches, in the maturity of its evolution, its most beautiful triumphs — then it is possible to talk of perfection. In the West, this perfection is measured by its power of interpreting nature, and by genius.

Genius itself is twofold: it is realist and recreates nature in the eloquence of its own forms and the conception of the artist. Fidelity to nature proclaims an art as Western. Such is the case with Anna Hyatt Huntington. Or genius can be ideographic, for example, Egypt, whose art up to the time of Saïs, or at least for

a long time, was only a form of writing. But when Egyptian art came into contact with Greece and Sicily, it began to mean something, to commemorate an event. To have something to say, to commemorate gave it consciousness of beauty so that its object was no longer to support black magic, which is a simple abstraction.

Egypt from the beginning had contacts with Asia, perhaps through the Phoenicians, although there is not a single Hindu piece in the museum at Beyrouth, where there are objects of so many diverse origins. The art of India, which began with abstraction in the service of pre-Vedistic beliefs, reached the creation of beauty without departing from its origins or from its aesthetic.

We know that Hindu *savants* claim that there was some intervention of Celtic art in India, which is somewhat difficult to determine. We have in the West objects which reliable authorities attribute to Celtic artists, but whose date is as flexible as the Celtic Empire itself. The man who has grasped the subject best from the ethnical point of view is M. Gonzague de Reynold. He believes that there were Celtic Migrations which could have been absorbed by various countries without their ever having founded an Empire in the administrative or hierarchic sense of the term.

This thesis is confirmed by Emile Espérandieu, of the Institute, who is an archaelogical specialist on the question. He speaks more of a Druidical civilisation, of a variety of religious cults than an Empire, and he believes that, if Empire it was, it should be placed in the second millenium before our era. The worst of it is that everything Celtic which we have collected: arms, works of art, statues, jewels, date from very much later, according to the best authorities. Moreover, Espérandieu's conclusion leaves the matter in the air: everything in the West during the time of Caesar should be called Celtic, unless it is especially Latin.

This definition is confusing and leads to other confusions, especially to identifying as Celtic objects which are really Gallo-Roman and not primitive at all; many of them date from the Sixth Century A. D., and have artistic interest, but are evolued.

A hundred years ago, in the cellars of buildings in Toulon (Allier) the remains were unearthed of a workshop where statuettes were manufactured. They were made in a mould, and represent sacred objects, such as an effigy of Venus, children at the breast, boys and girls carrying baskets of fruit, and many animals, such as bulls and horses. These little objects are remarkable in two ways: first, because they have nothing in common

with Roman (Christian) art — which developed its mysterious and passionate course parallel with the evolution of the Byzantine — and also for their notable naturalism.

Authorities of the time of Napoleon III had no hesitation in cataloguing the whole find as Gallo-Celtic art. Since then, archaeologists have recovered enough of this art to fill museums, all over France except in Brittany, Annis, and Saintonge, where what is without doubt Celtic can be found. They date, in general, from the Fifth to the Seventh Century of our era, that is, from a period when everything that was Celtic in France, and which was not related to Christianity, existed only in the Basque country, in Ireland and in Portugal.

It was there that much that was Celtic was certainly not allied to the Gallo-Celtic; that would have been an absurdity. And absolutely nothing would allow the term Celtic to be applied to the Frankish civilisation which flourished at Aix-la-Chapelle and in the Upper Rhineland as far as the Loire, and which has given France her name. The Franks (French) came from Franconia, that is, from the Harz Mountains, and did not appear in the nomenclature of the Celtic peoples of Germany, according to the authority of Dr. Klinger (Weimar, 1912).

It is evident that the Gallo-Roman animals resemble, although not so perfect, those of Anna Hyatt Huntington, and their sculptors seem to have had similar aims. Authorities agree that they are not sacred in character. Besides, the Celts did not worship animals. Theirs was an abstract religion. They worshipped venerable oak-trees, dolmens and the goddess Isis who came to them from Egypt.

The word Gallo-Roman is an absurdity, and an allusion to a Gallic race that never existed. Roman civilisation belonged to the administration of Transalpine Gaul and there was only a strip of territory stretching from Villefranche to Aveyron at Toulouse which has remained traditionally a Roman colony and whose language is nothing but debased Latin. The sculpture with which we are concerned has nothing Roman and nothing Celtic in it; it observes all the rules of proportion, and is obviously naturalistic in manner and spirit. My fellow-countryman, M. Eugène Pittard, found traces of it in Switzerland, and these are in the Museum of Art and History at Geneve. M. Pittard retained the word Gallo-Roman, but with reservations as to the meaning of the term. We have made a study of Celtic art in relationship to Anna Hyatt Huntington (E. Schaub Koch: *Vie et Modelage,* Lisbon, 1957).

What we know and what we possess of this art allows us to establish its universality. But during the epoch of Celtic art, at the moment when the Celtic Empire was disintegrating, (c. 1200 B. C.) there were already no more Celts. The Celtic languages were still in use, and the people who spoke them were called Celts. As d'Arbois wrote, «Nothing is perhaps less Celtic than Celtic art», and he found traces of the Celtic even among the Arabs.

Nowadays, the Celts are mostly found only in Brittany, Ireland, Portugal and the Basque country, and they form a considerable proportion of the American people. In Brasil they have become Latinised. Celtic art is noteworthy, for its love of animals. These naturalistic tendencies seem to have inspired Gallo-Roman art which, in its turn, is perhaps only the primitive form of French classical art. In any case, the question merits further study.

In so far as sculpture, as we have so far described it, consists of planes, profiles, masses, hollows, lights, shades, etc., the animal kingdom affords it its best field of development, and because of its changing forms. Organic life is full of changing forms, as we have already remarked. Finally, it is in the art of animal sculpture

that the sculptor's skill finds the richest expression of its universality.

We observe the intimate association of man with animals. Surely it is vain to think of life without man, that man should be only its spectator? Contemporary sculpture does not separate life from its representation as did the antique. Celtic naturalism, a realistic art, surpasses Greek realism in that terrestrial reality is nothing but the revelation of divine truth. Since that time life in a statue has become a continuously moving spectacle. Does not that describe all Anna Hyatt Huntington's sculpture? And we have already explained that this sculptural life arise from the fact that synthesis is working at the same time as analysis.

Before sculpting her animals, Anna Hyatt Huntington lived among them, understanding their habits, their psychology, their instinctive reactions. Her documentation was direct observation. She did not sculpt them theoretically. As she modelled, she continued to share their life with the capacity of human beings for deeper comprehension. She understood them all, their species, and their nature. We admit to having a partiality for the birds; and, although they do not allow much material for the sculptor, because of their aerial character, she brought out their splendours.

A rhinoceros, or a charging elephant, forms as a whole only a mass in motion, and its dynamism can be expressed; but «Even when a bird is walking one feels that he has wings». One need not deduce from that that even when a bird flies one feels that he has feet! Is there anyone who has proclaimed the power of flight better in inert matter, and made it to live by such genius! Would it diminish the high aesthetic value of all these illustrations of animal life to give them not only great artistic merit, but also considerable documentary significance. As has been said, we have here not only the animal, but the animal in action.

Art ennobles life; but it remains life all the same. Nevertheless, it is also the invocation of a higher life. In the sculptural representation of a tiger, for example, or a horse, by a genuine artist, there is both the character of the animal and a phase of his existence. But this phase contains within it all of his life, his habits, his behaviour in love or hate — those two poles of instinct — so that we involuntarily endow him with a soul and see something of ourselves in him, and it is not the worst of ourselves that we see. It is all too true that we give a beast a symbolic character, which is always human and sociable. The lion stands for nobility, generosity and courage. The tiger stands for cruel

ferocity. The hyena represents weakness and cowardice, and so on. Still, it is clear that the sculptor who delights to model such expressions would just miss the art of sculpture, which does not at all consist in modelling the fabulous. Human character in animals is only tolerated in sacred or symbolic art. Bertholdi's «Lion of Belfort», for instance, is a lion only in outward form. In reality, it is vigilance of a nation watching its frontiers. In this case, animal art only serves an expressive function, while, in other cases, it is only a decorative exhibition.

The representation of the serpent is a curious thing with the primitives. In Western art, and in the tradition of Western culture, the serpent represents prudence, and is the emblem of medicine. In religion, however, it is the symbol of the sin of Eve, an adultress before history began.

In primitive art, Paradise is not represented by Adam and Eve. The serpent must be present, coiling himself round the trunk of an apple-tree, or uncoiling himself like a corkscrew close to the ear of «our grandmothers' grandmothers' grandmother», to whisper seductive and tempting words. Painters of genius have avoided giving the serpent a demoniacal expression. He opens his mouth from which jets a flame and a monstrous tongue.

The serpent's tongue is most characteristic. In recalls the thinness and suppleness of a black iron rod with a forked point. We do not know a painter in ecclesiastical art who has given the serpent its natural mien, suggesting harmony of shape and a slim rapidity of movement. Hubert Van Eyck's serpent, for instance, is hardly a serpent. It is as deformed as an imaginary monster. The common people have long shown hatred and suspicion towards serpents, which are often harmless, and back-country peasants torture them diabolically. The case of the serpent is far from being unique, and Barge, the genial predecessor of Anna Hyatt Huntington, was known to reproach himself for impiety and atheism when he failed to sculpt this subject with the horror which the sin of Eve ought to inspire. In reality the serpent is the best designed piece of mechanism in organic life, the most capable, and most cunning, the most rhythmic and rapid.

Even in our countryside, the owl, emblem of the wisdom of Pallas, is regarded as malevolent and diabolical. When the Breton peasants capture an owl, they nail it alive on the door of their barn. Whereas owls — and Anna Hyatt Huntington has sculpted some wonderful ones — are beneficient creatures, who clear the fields

of harmful rats and mice who devour the corn in the silos.

Man's understanding of the animal world is usually distorted in childhood. Our charwomen and our wives sweep away cobwebs and crush spiders with their brooms. They simply do not know that a spider eats each day twice its weight of insects.

We venture to think it no dishonour for a masterpiece to have an educative character. Let it not be thought that it is only for high aesthetic reasons that America sets up statues of all kinds in the courtyards of Universities and schools, and that these bronzes and marbles are signed by Anna Hyatt Huntington!

The representation of animal species in the setting of art helps to give a child an exact idea of animals; and the beauty of their creation by an eminent artist helps to make them love them.

The Bible teaches us the love of all that the Creator has provided of life and everything which is part of this oneness of life in the world — in which view Plato saw a primeval act of faith and praise of the gods. Besides, such acts of faith and homage can only be acts of man furnished with a soul and adoring the divine.

Beauty draws us towards the divine, and art, activated by beauty, helps us to understand it.

We are familiar with the work of Barye, Pompon, Jean Poupelet and others who have become our intimate companions. (That was how Edmond Rostand regarded animals). But, among all these masters of one *genre* which is always present in painting, whether of East and West, surely Anna Hyatt Huntington is the one who gives expression to animals in the simplest and clearest way, with full resemblance to nature, complete verisimilitude of character, in the most profound attachments to a highly selective art. Every collection and every museum should be regulated according to a special science, taught at the Louvre school, known as Museology — a dreadful word to describe the needed knowledge! The key to this science would be to give a feeling for works of very diverse collections. Reason is unity. It seems that such unity is perfectly possible, and that the wonderful idealised naturalism of Anna Hyatt Huntington is enough to create the required unity. And it is most desirable that all the children of the world should get to know our true companions.

The noted philosopher Jules Gautier wrote forty years ago in the French *Mercury* that, for a child, companionship and understanding of animals is the best school for the heart.

But the teaching of children through the illusions of plastic art is more than a school for the heart and the mind. It is training in taste, and that is the great stimulus to the progress of civilisation. Parents can thus sow the seed of such an education.

In the fevered traffic of towns, people pass with hurried steps across the public square without stopping a second before a monument by Bourdelle, Rude, or Rodin. The man who sits on the terrace of a lilac-trellised café looks up and sees Rodin's «Marshal Ney», one of the most beautiful statues which has ever arisen in a public square in Paris, and, lighting a cigar, he says, «Well, here he goes!»

There is too much coming and going. There is no time to stand and stare for a moment, nor to find our essential silence. The intense life of our cities forces us to go into a church or a park to find some minutes of calm and repose of mind. Statues ought in future to be erected in the setting of great public parks.

Try this experiment. Walk along the façade of the Chateau of Versailles and, to the right, walking towards the canal, just above the great staircase, you will readily stay for a quarter of an hour to rediscover the splendour of «The Wind», sculpted by Le Hongre for Louis XIV.

Anna Hyatt Huntington understood this, so we must go to the admirable and sumptuous surroundings of the open-air museum at Brook Green Garden in Southern California to renew ourselves in front of Diana, reflected in the water of an ornamental pool, in order to discover the other marvels of her work with animals or with great sculpture.

Here is a sculpture which blends its charms delightfully, and throws light on the genius of the artist at the heart of nature; but, at the same time, it passes triumphantly the greater test: it stands out amid the surroundings of sky, trees, brightly-coloured lawns, greens, and flower-gardens. Natural light, and the beauty of nature, regulated by human genius, give to the beautiful statue brilliance and enchantment, without damaging its splendour. Only Girardon's «The Abduction of Proserpine» and Le Hongre's «The Wind» share the fame of Anna Hyatt Huntington's masterpieces. «The Saône» and «The Rhône» of Coysevox are copies of copies of the antique already found in a park in Florence. There is a feeling that the author has worked hard at it, has been highly paid, but without enthusiasm to please the caprice of a monarch who extolled the antique without knowing anything about it.

The work of Anna Hyatt Huntington is for all humanity without exception and has found favour with the Hindus for aesthetic reasons which we have already explained.

Aesthetic realities do not lie on the margins of life. They do not treat with kindness the claims of tradition. They create anew and ever anew the things which the young nations — yet so old — are ever seeking, the nations which have become conscious of the contemporary world which they seek to share, having set their course towards the future. This does not, however, forbid the praises and the allurements of the past.

On the contrary, we draw from the fountain-head and from the springs of belief. Above all, we determine not to shut the doors and windows but linger on the balconies and terraces of the sweeping history of the world — especially if it offers us a momentary glimpse of something in those mysterious masterpieces which one has hoped to see for so long without knowing why.

ILLUSTRATIONS



1 – The artist working on «Don Quixote»

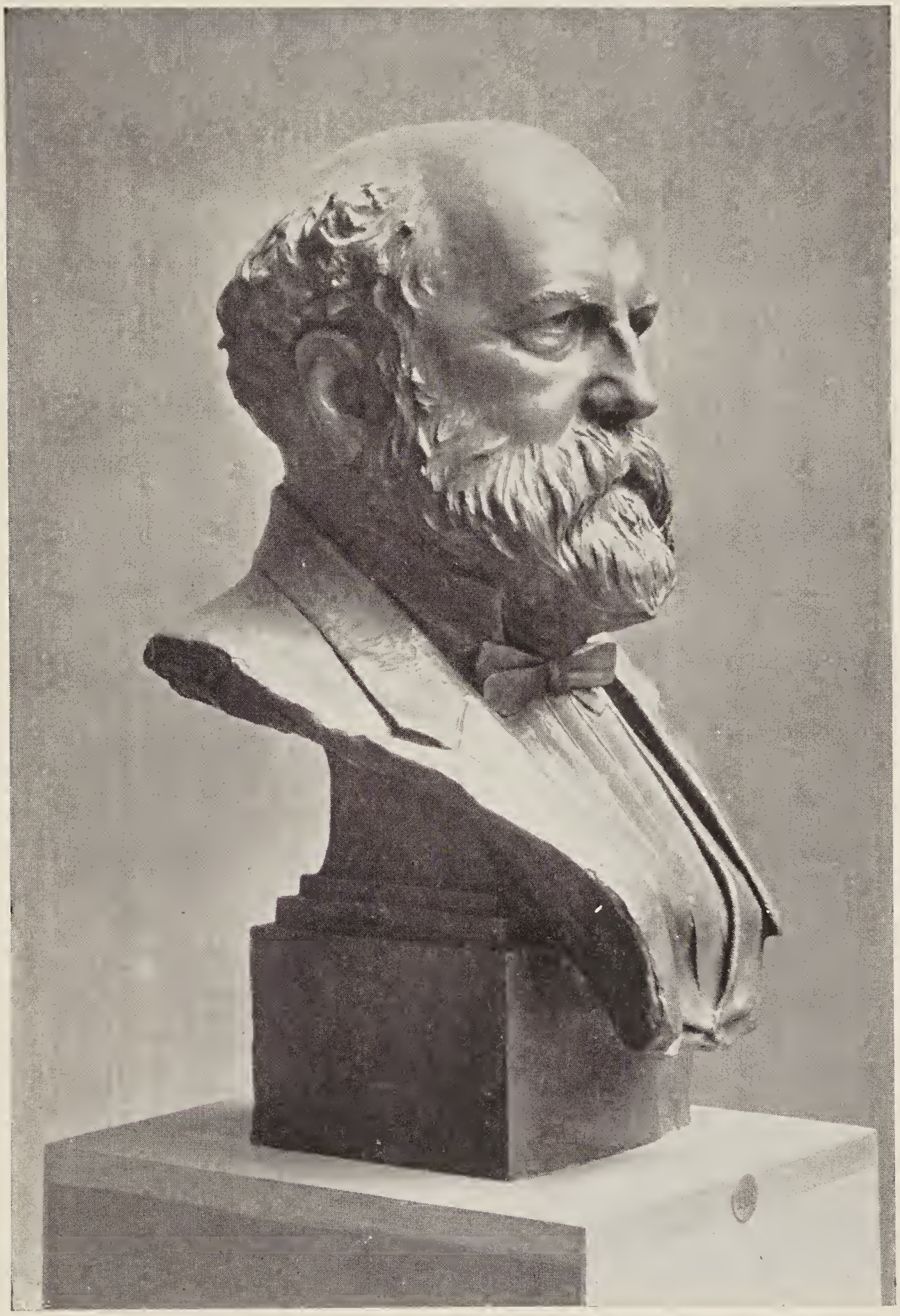


2 – The Mother of the Artist

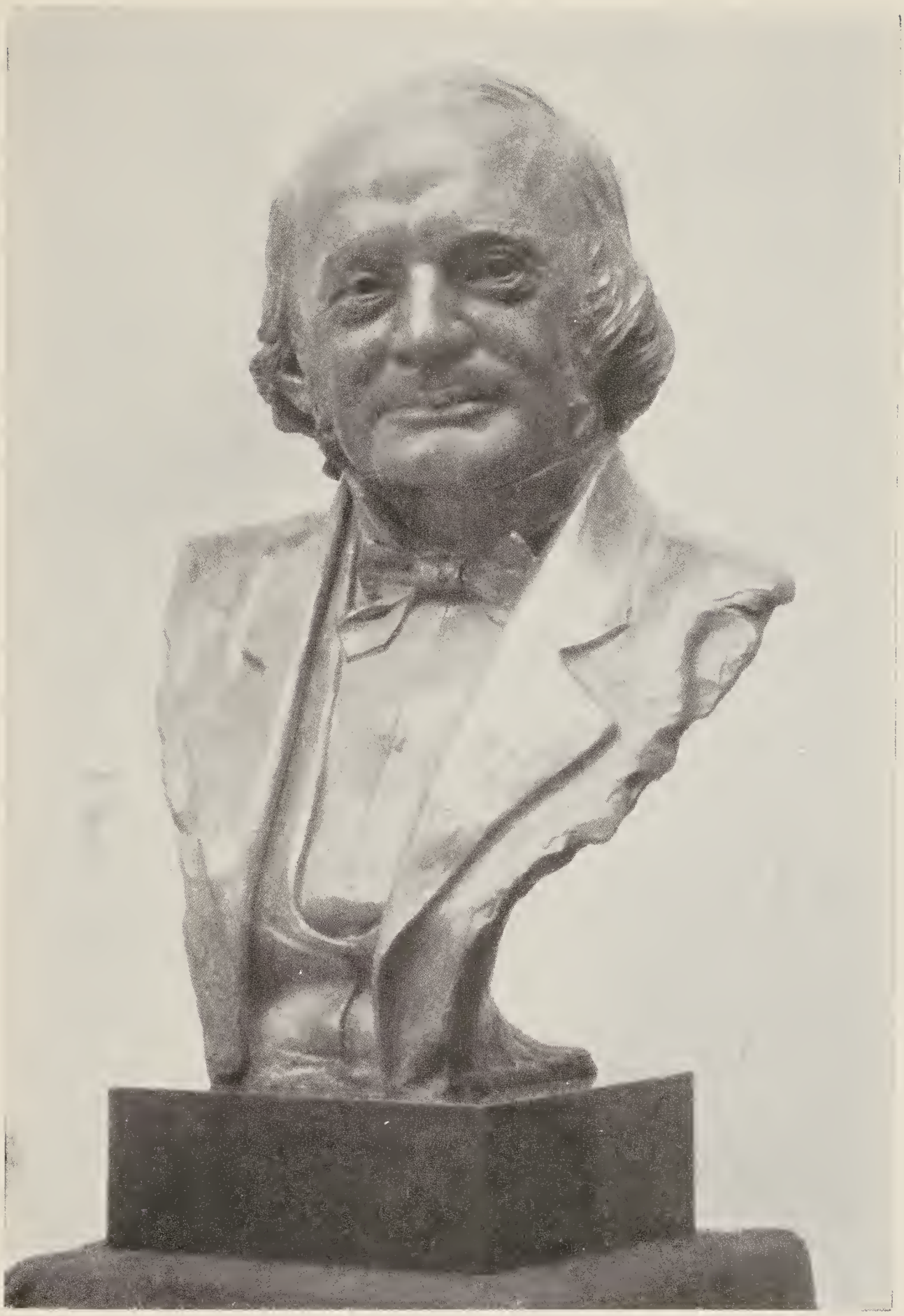


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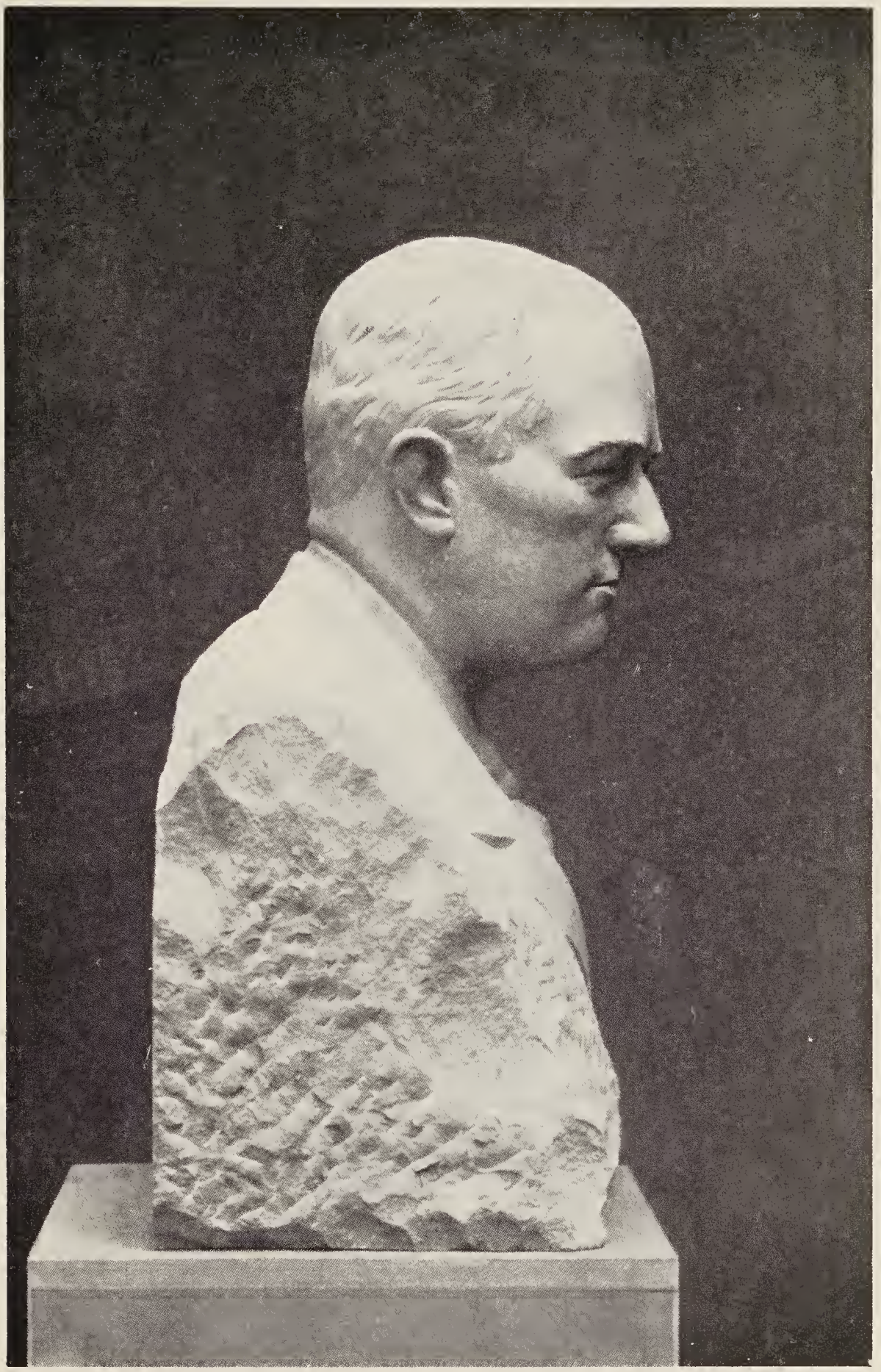
founder of the Hispanic Society of America



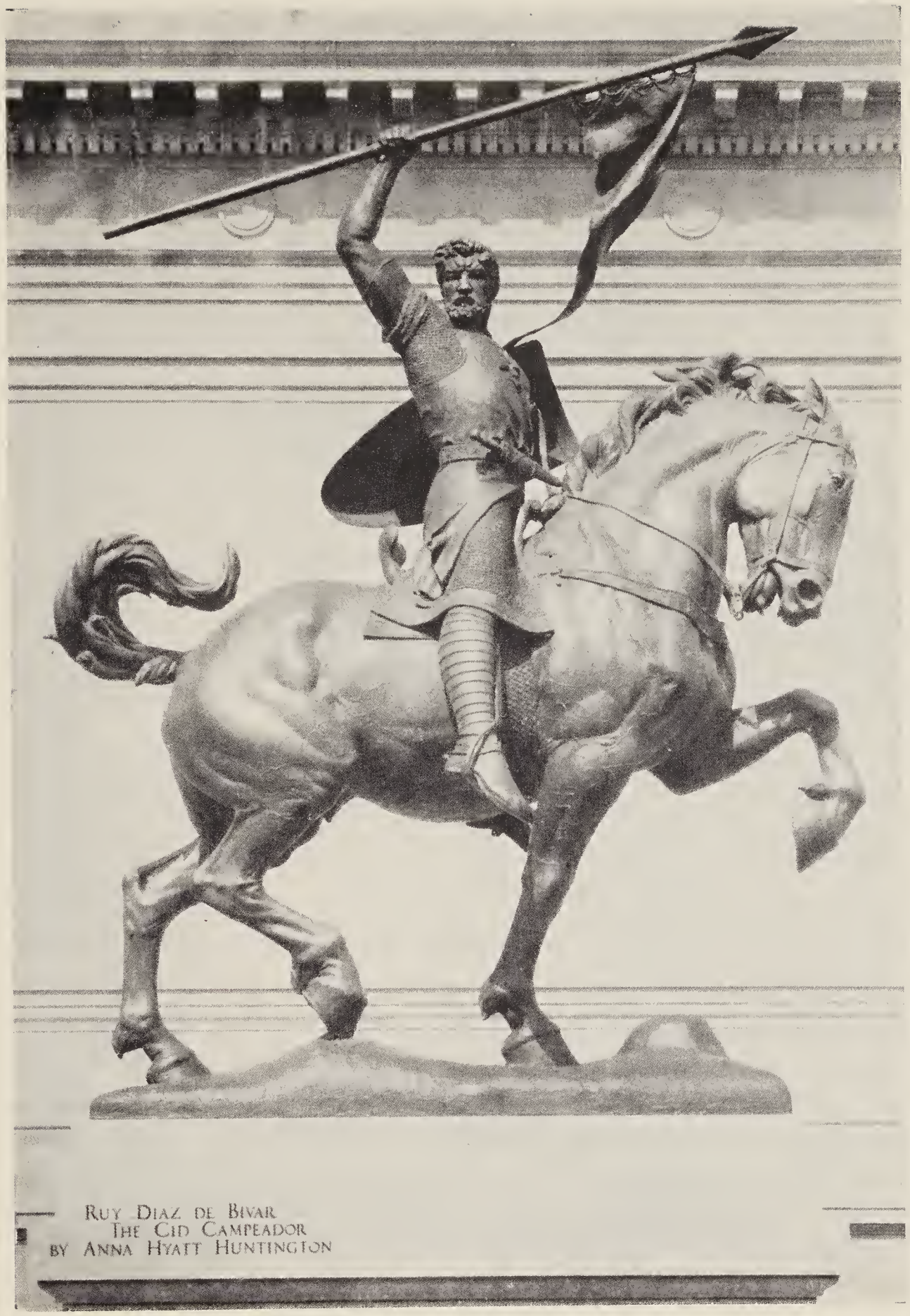
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5 – Louis Agassiz



6 – Henry P. Davison



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(Hispanic Society of America)



8 – The Cid statue

(California)



9 – The Cid

(Sevilla)



10 – Boabdil leaving Granada

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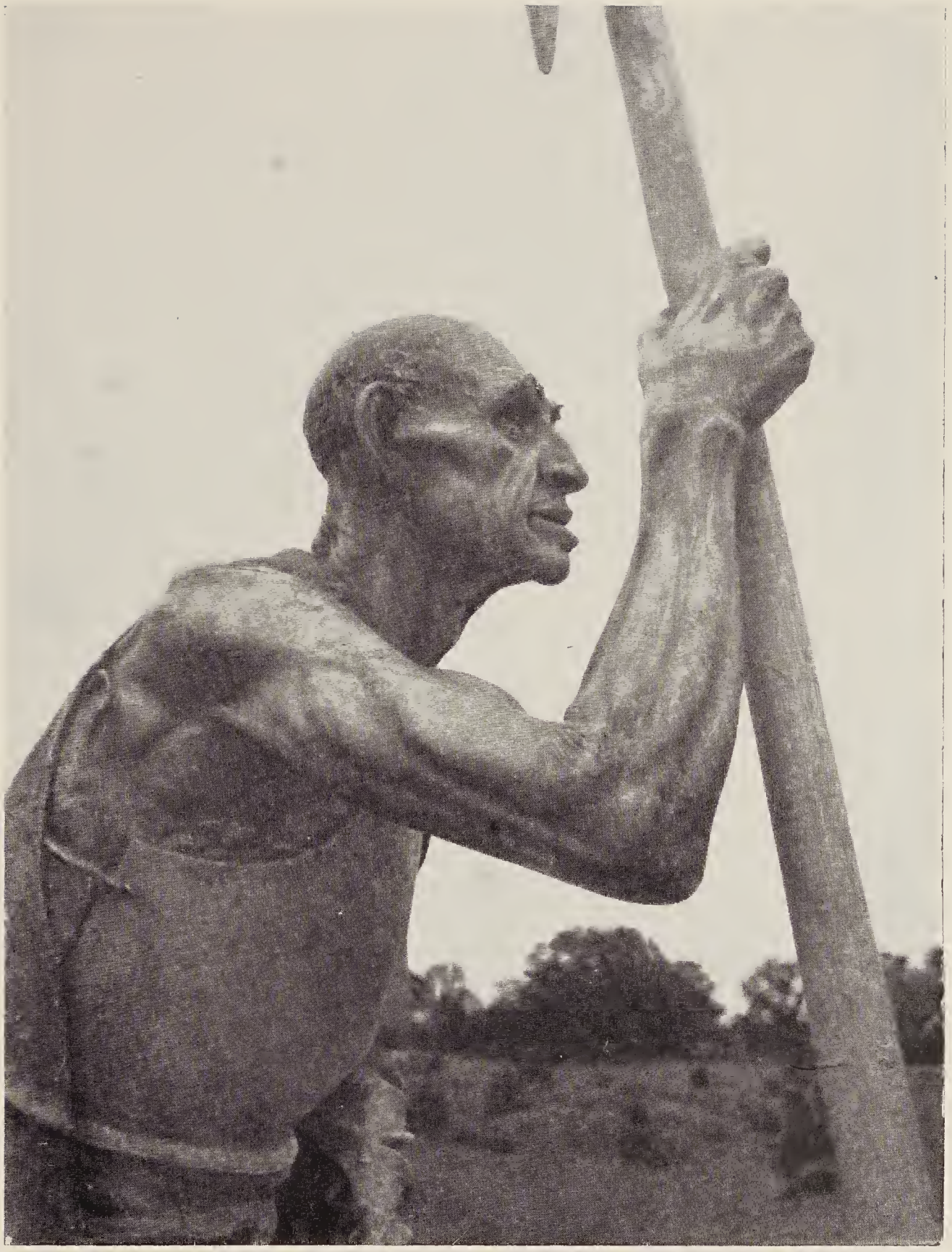
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(New York)



12 – Don Quixote

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13 – Head of don Quixote



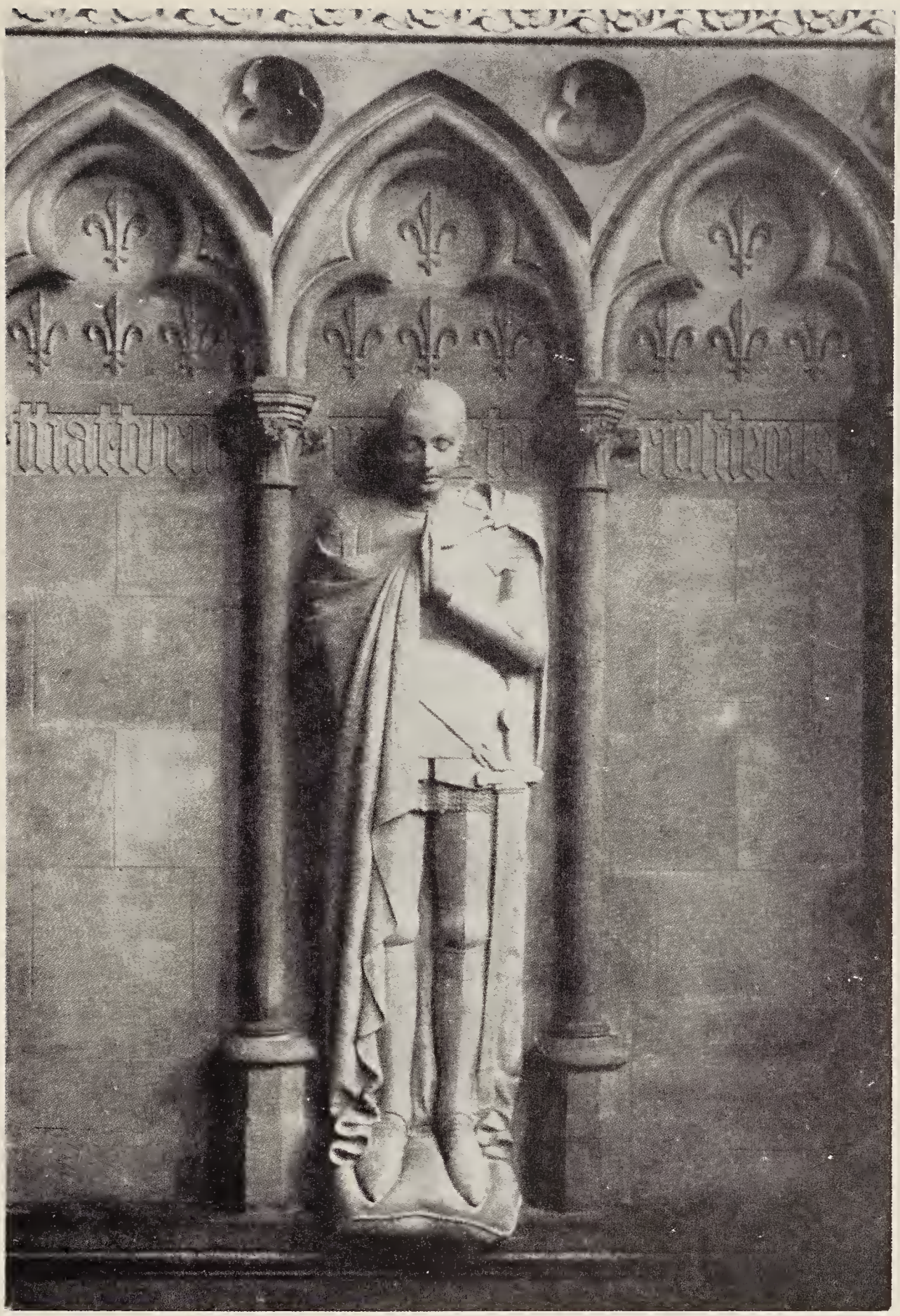
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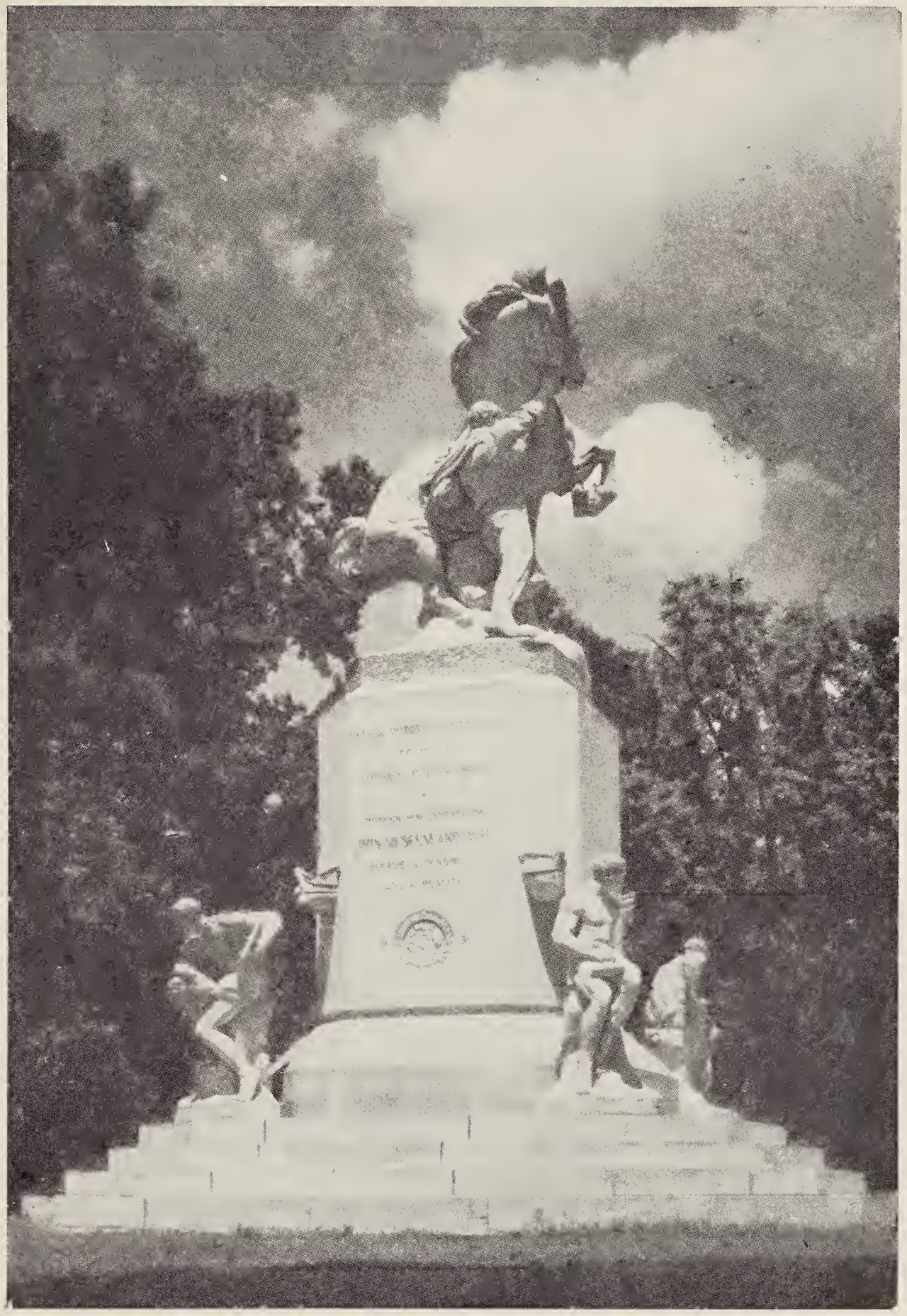
15 – Jeanne d'Arc

(Blois)



16 – Jeanne d'Arc

(New York City)



17 – Memorial to Collis P. Huntington

(Newport News)



18 – Memorial to Anabella Huntington

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20 – Fishermen memorial (pedestal)



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22 – Young Diana

(San Diego Museum)



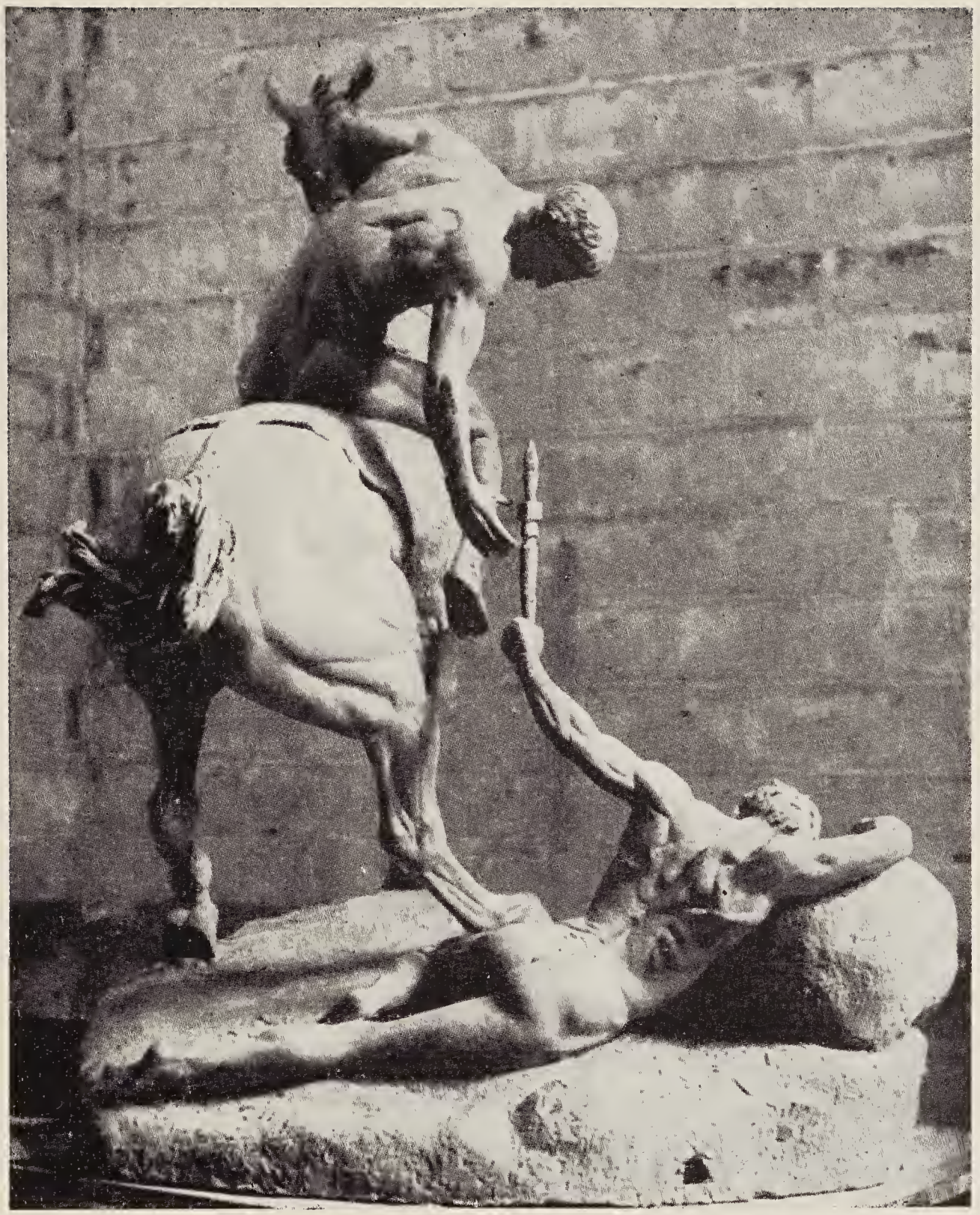
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(Brookgreen Gardens, Georgetown)



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25 – Torch group

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26 – Torch group

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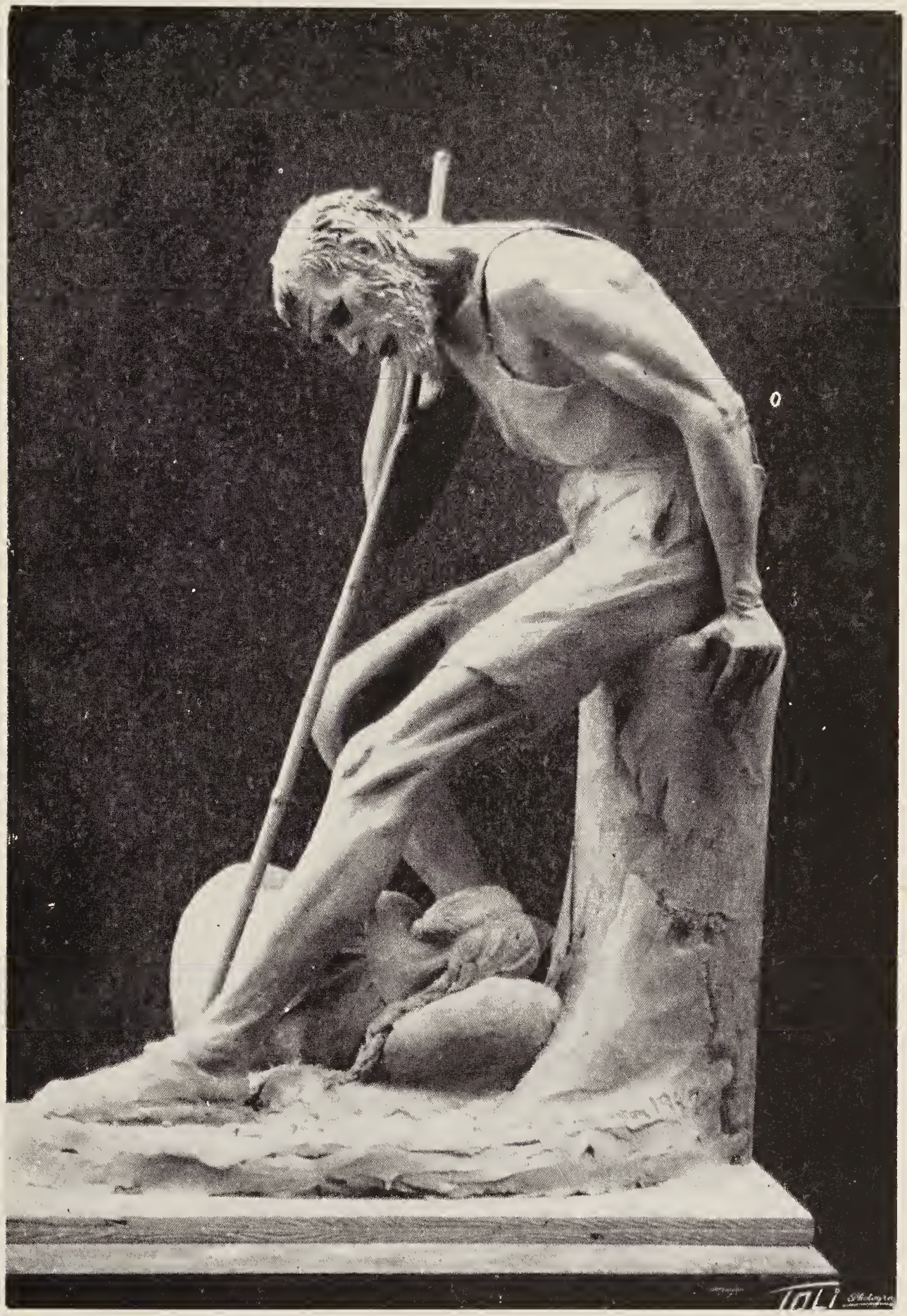


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28 – Lady Godiva

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29 – Displaced persons



30 – Ship of the desert

(Hays)



31 – «All bridles in one hand»



32 – White horses of the sea

(Toledo Museum)



33 – White horses of the sea

(Toledo Museum)



34 – White horses of the sea

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35 – Fighting stallions

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36 – Centaur cheiron

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37 – Female centaur

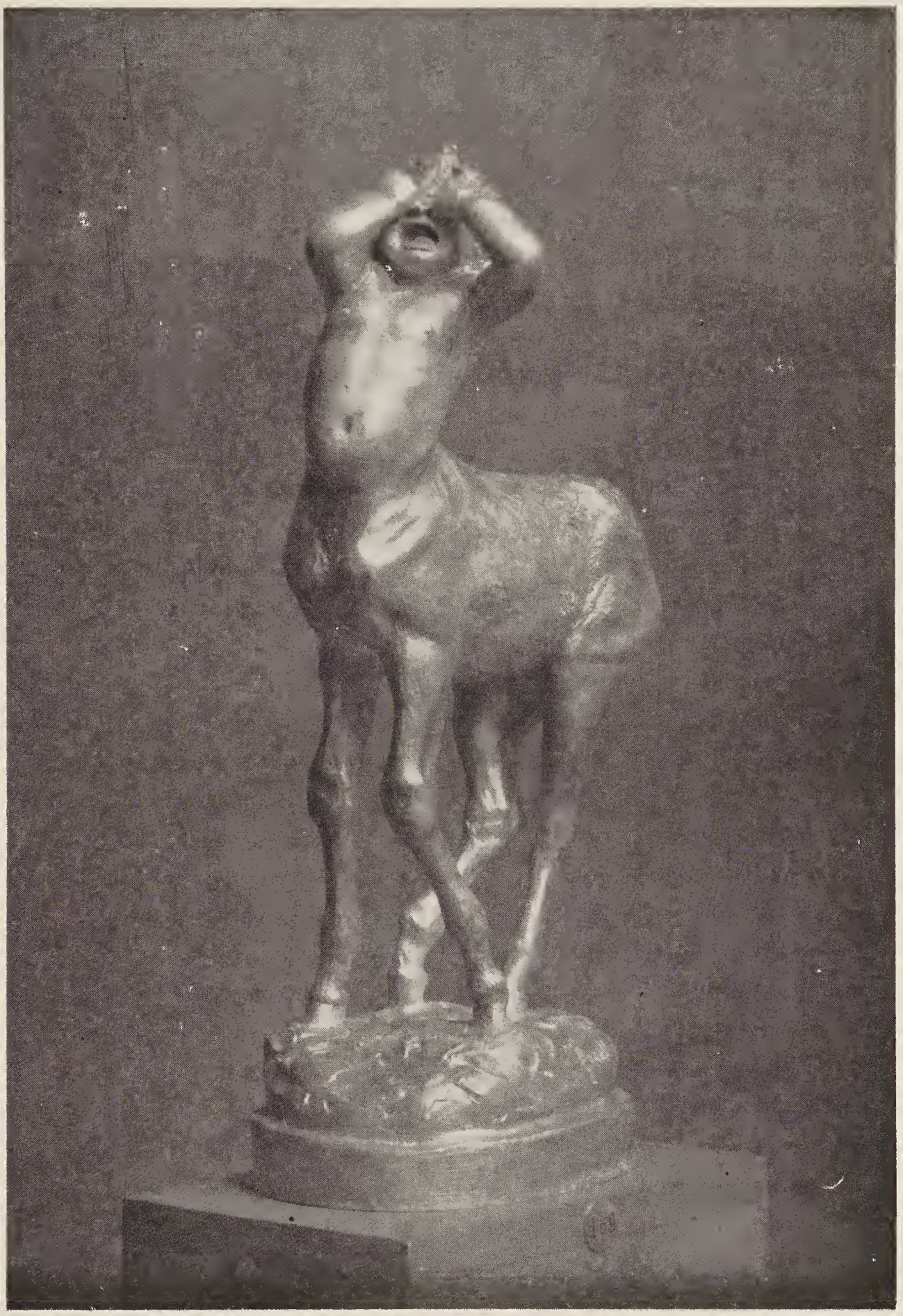
(New York)



38 – Fighting centaurs



39 – Centaurs playing



40 – Baby centaur

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41 – Boy and pigs



42 – Baby meets the jack-rabbit

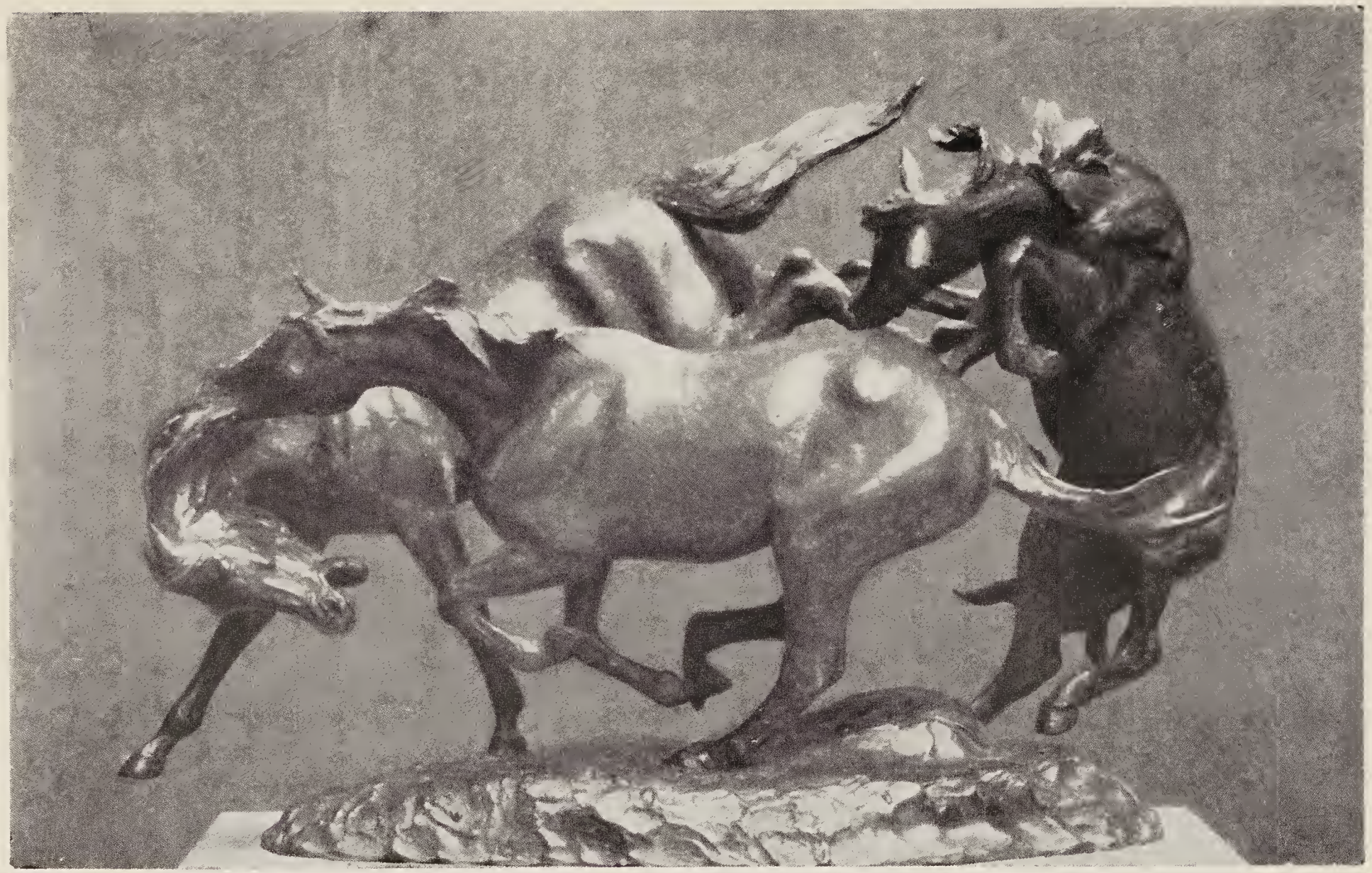


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44 – Mares playing



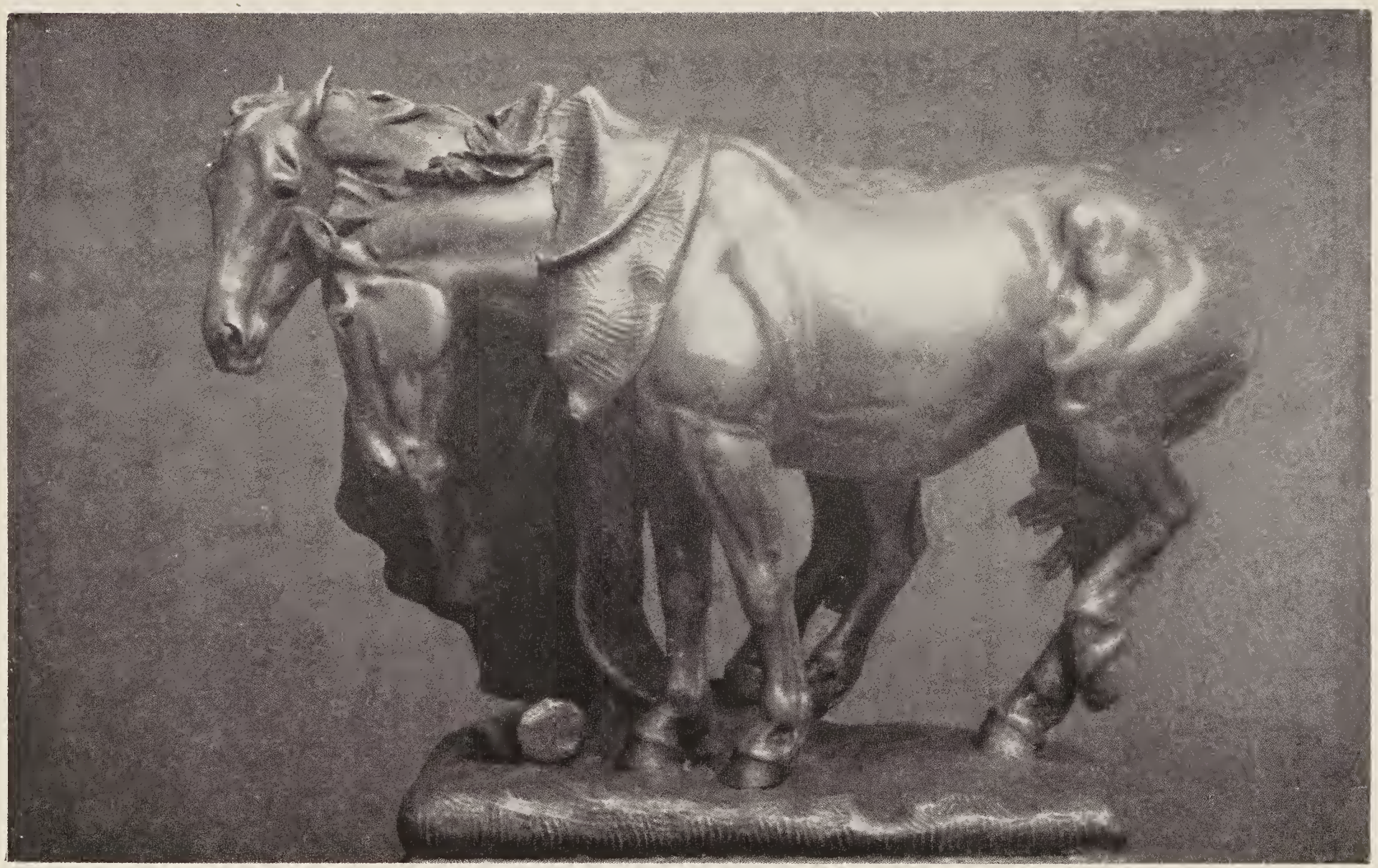
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46 – Colts in a storm

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50 – Colt

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51 – Colt, six weeks old

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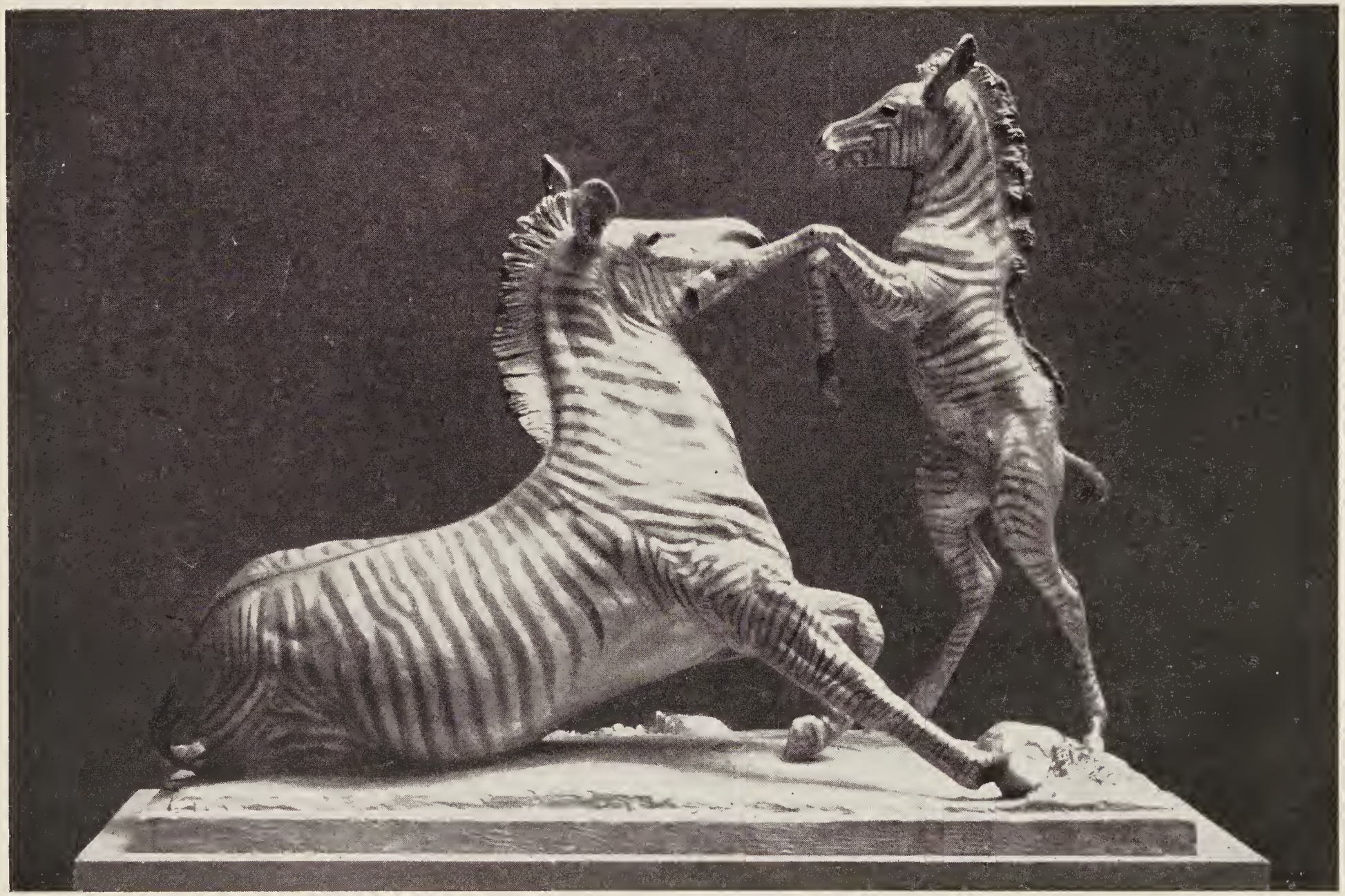


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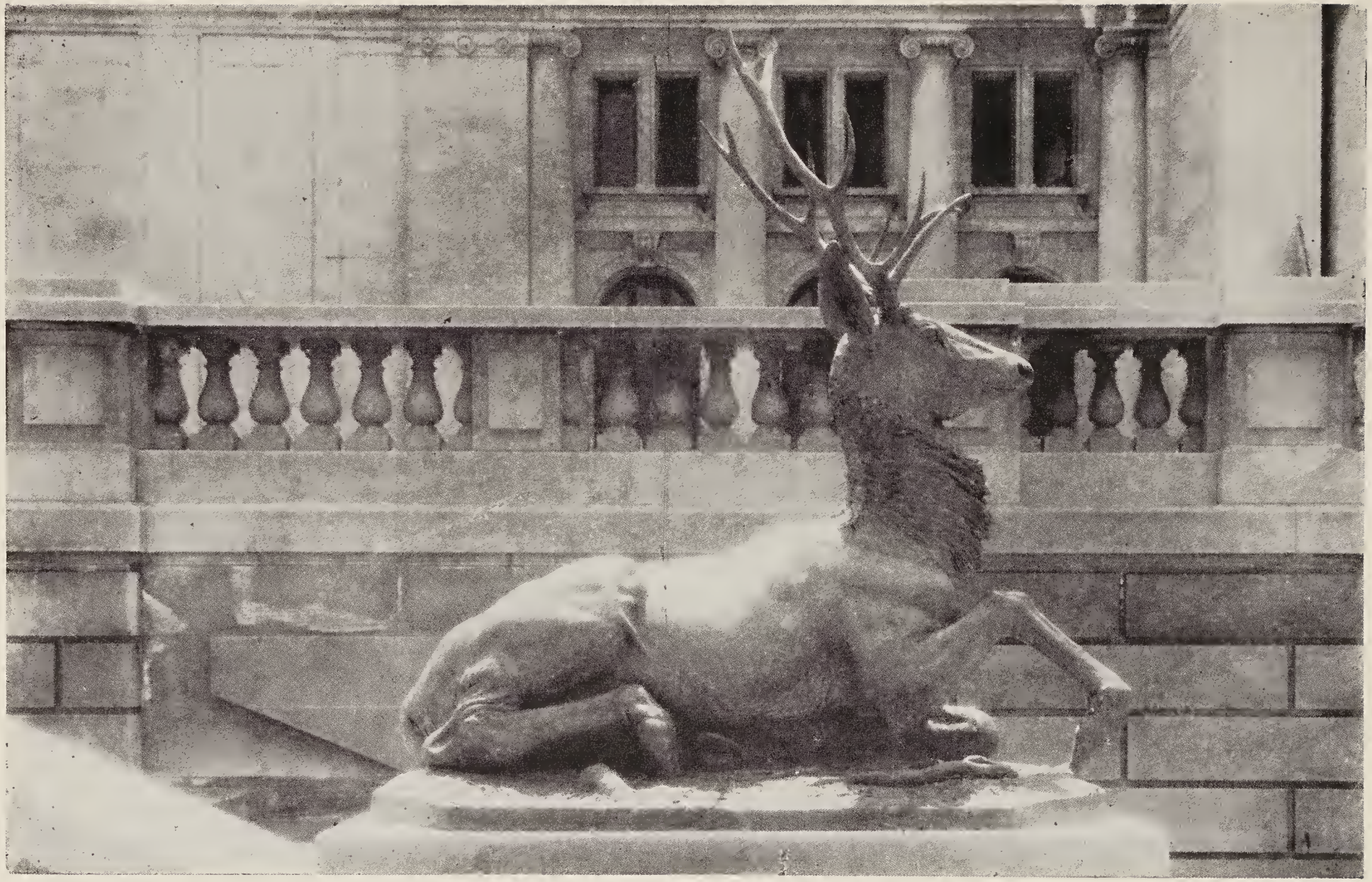


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56 – Red stags

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57 – Red stags fighting



58 – Fawn

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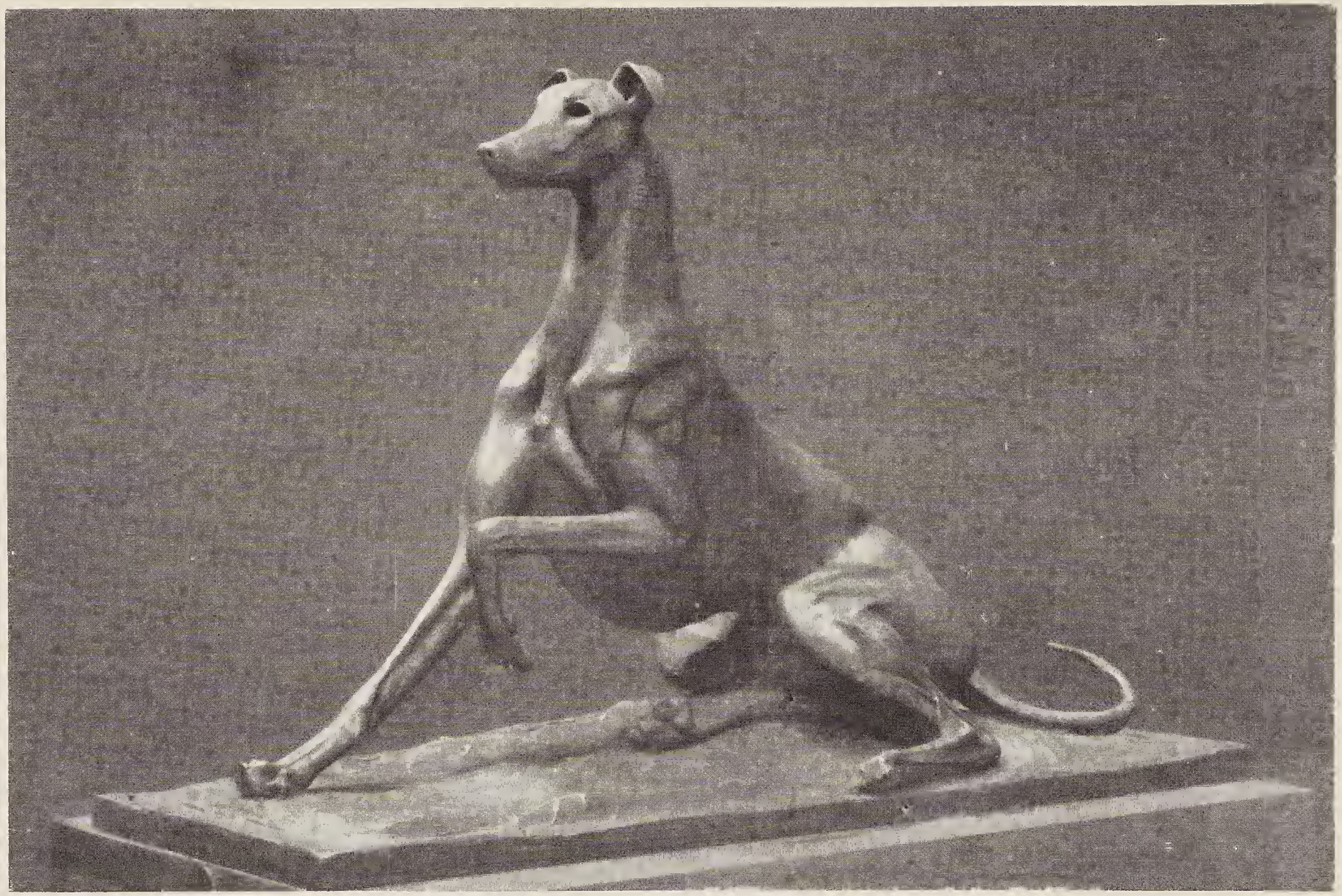
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67 – Great dane
(stone. Brookgreen Gardens)



68 – Great dane
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69 – Deerhound group



70 – The hound on the hill



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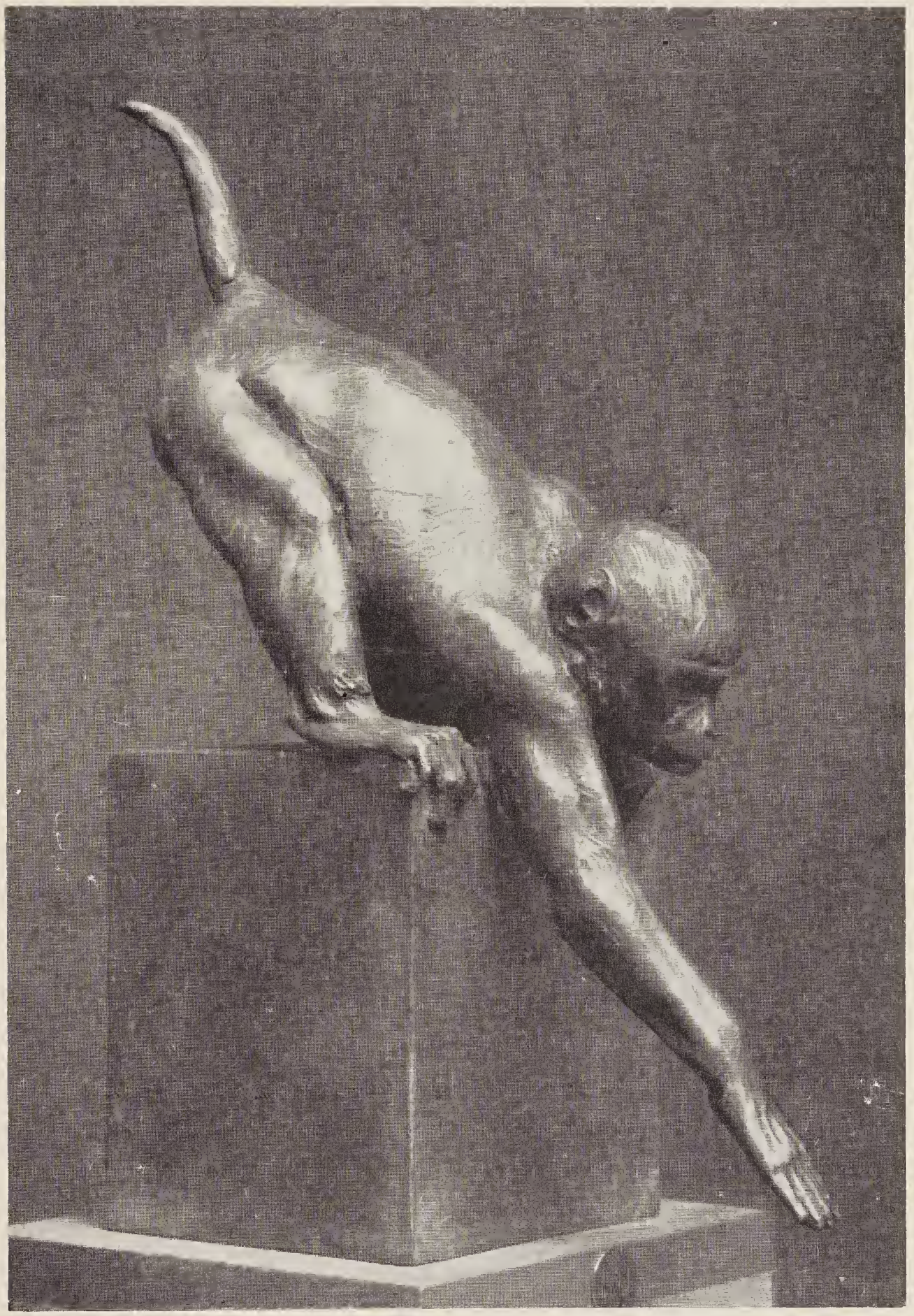
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81 – Rhesus monkeys

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82 – Hymne of hate

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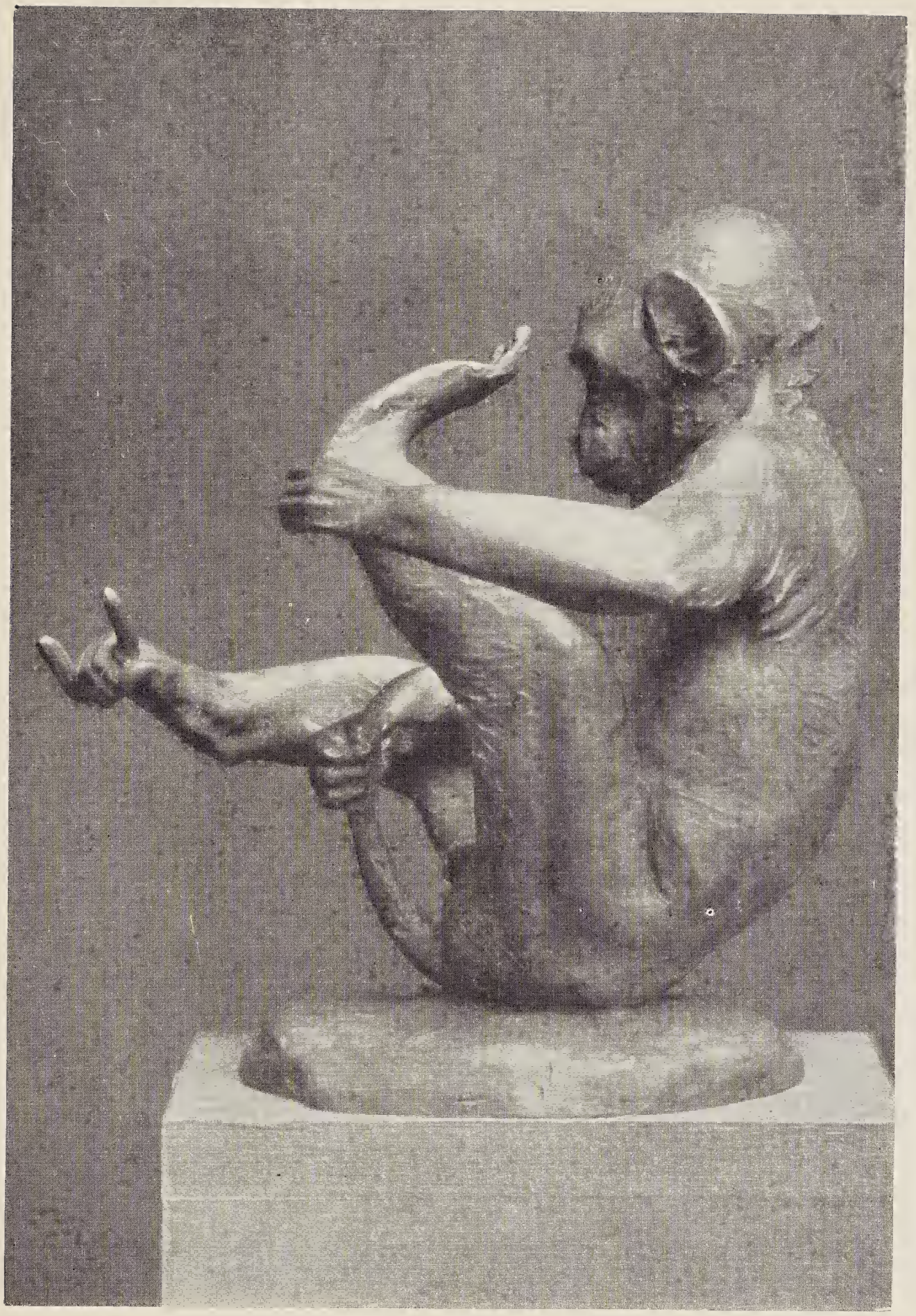
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84 – Domestic trouble

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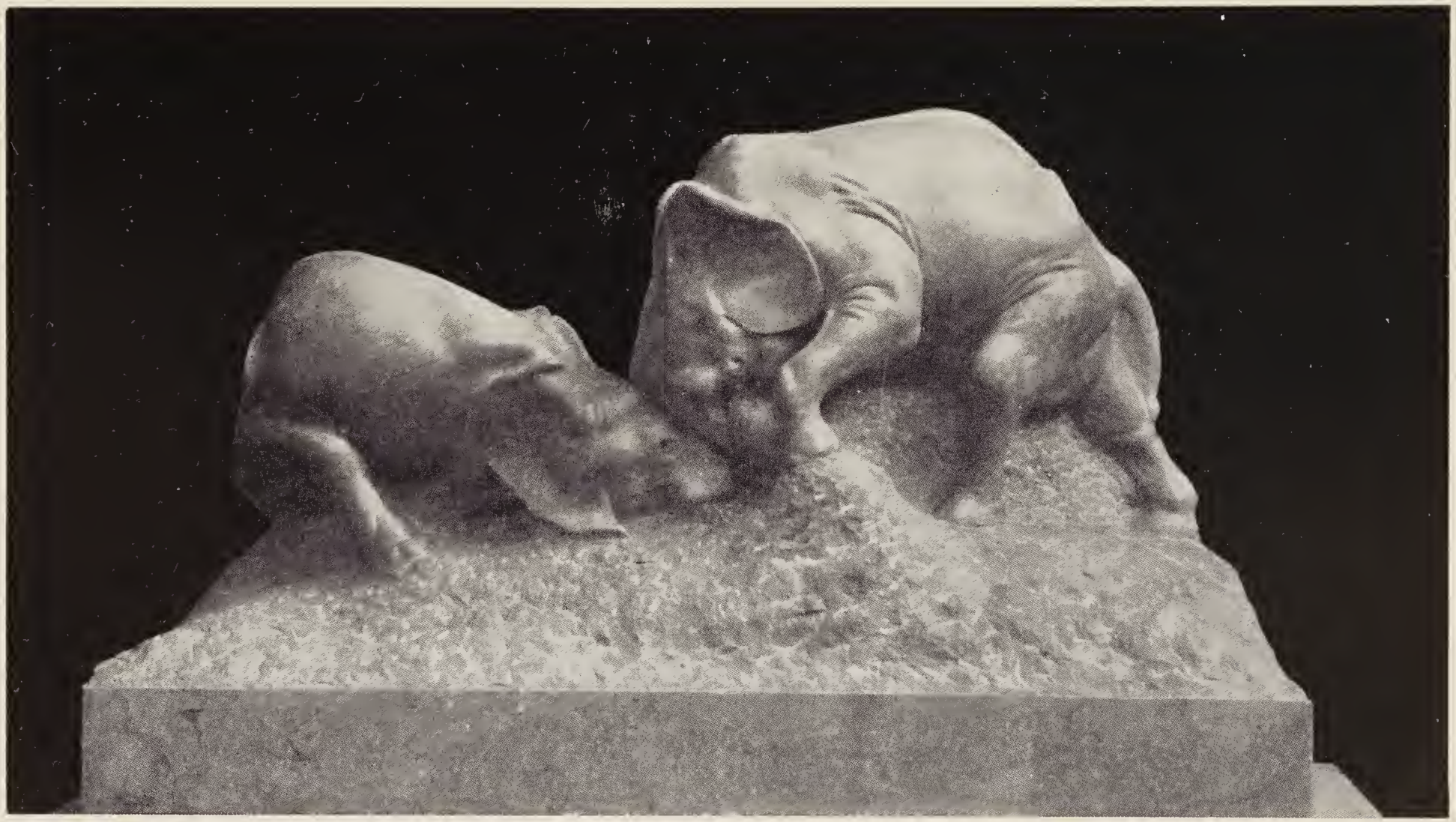
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88 – Elephants (bronze)



89 – Elephant running

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90 – Two elephants

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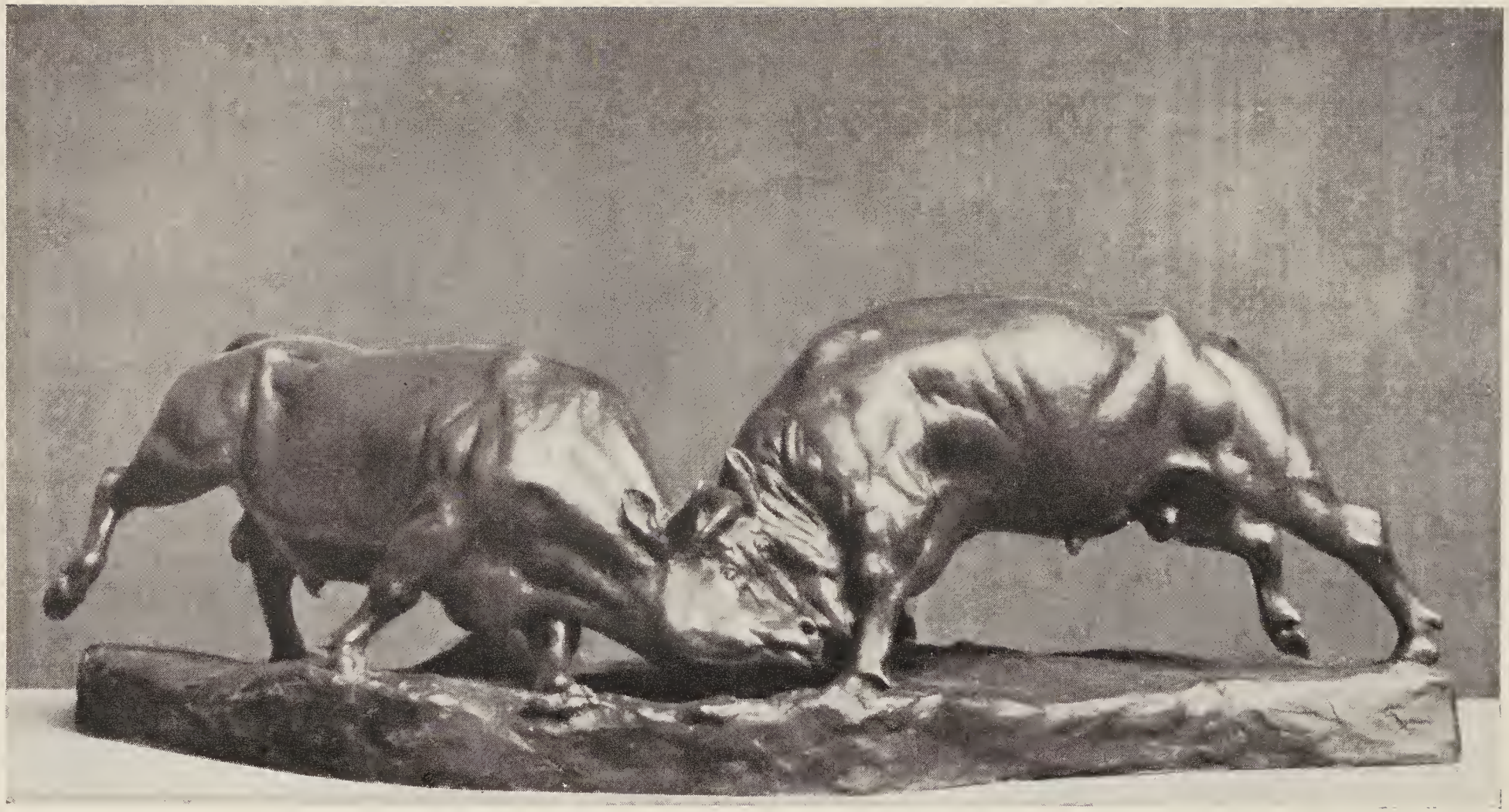
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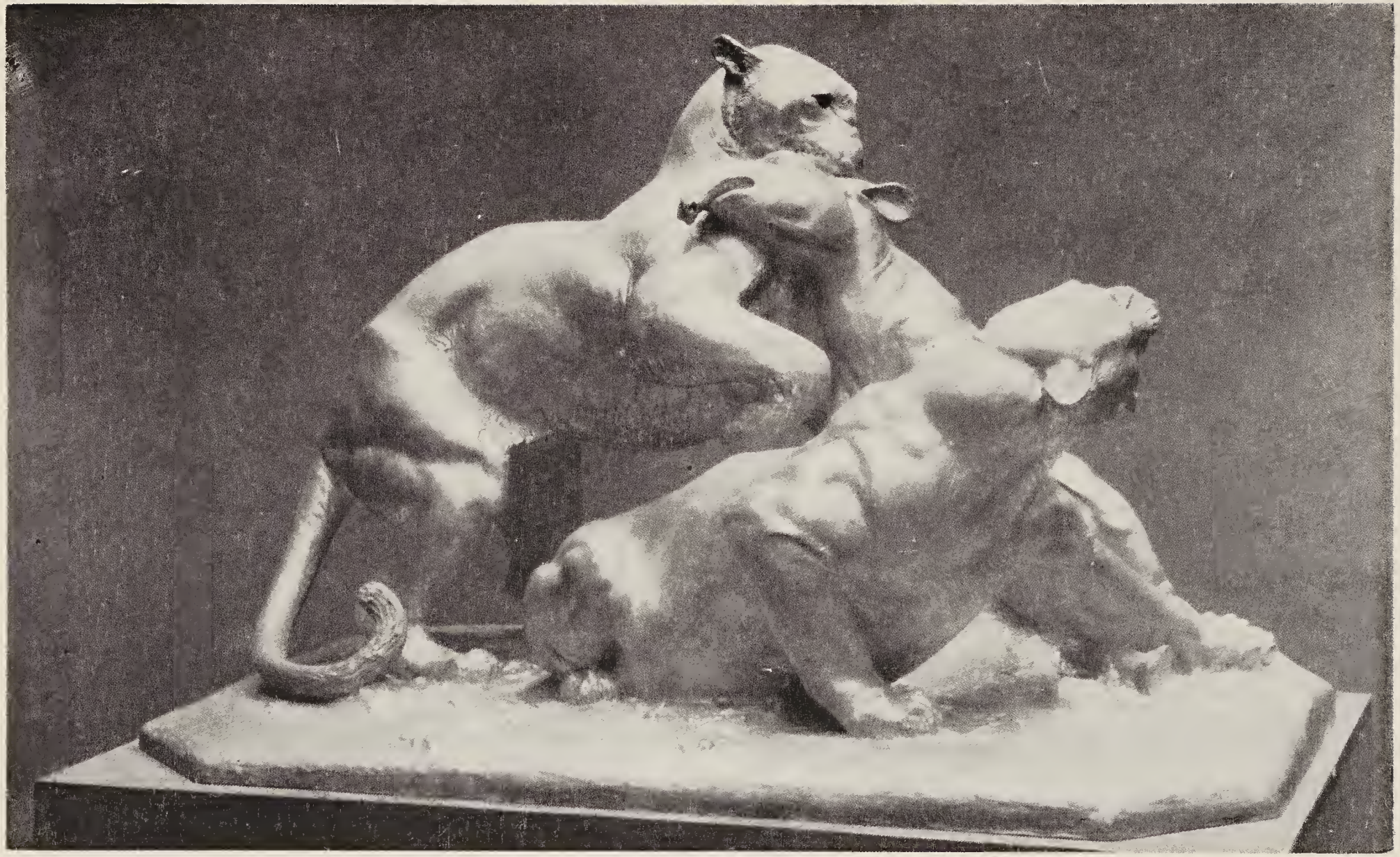
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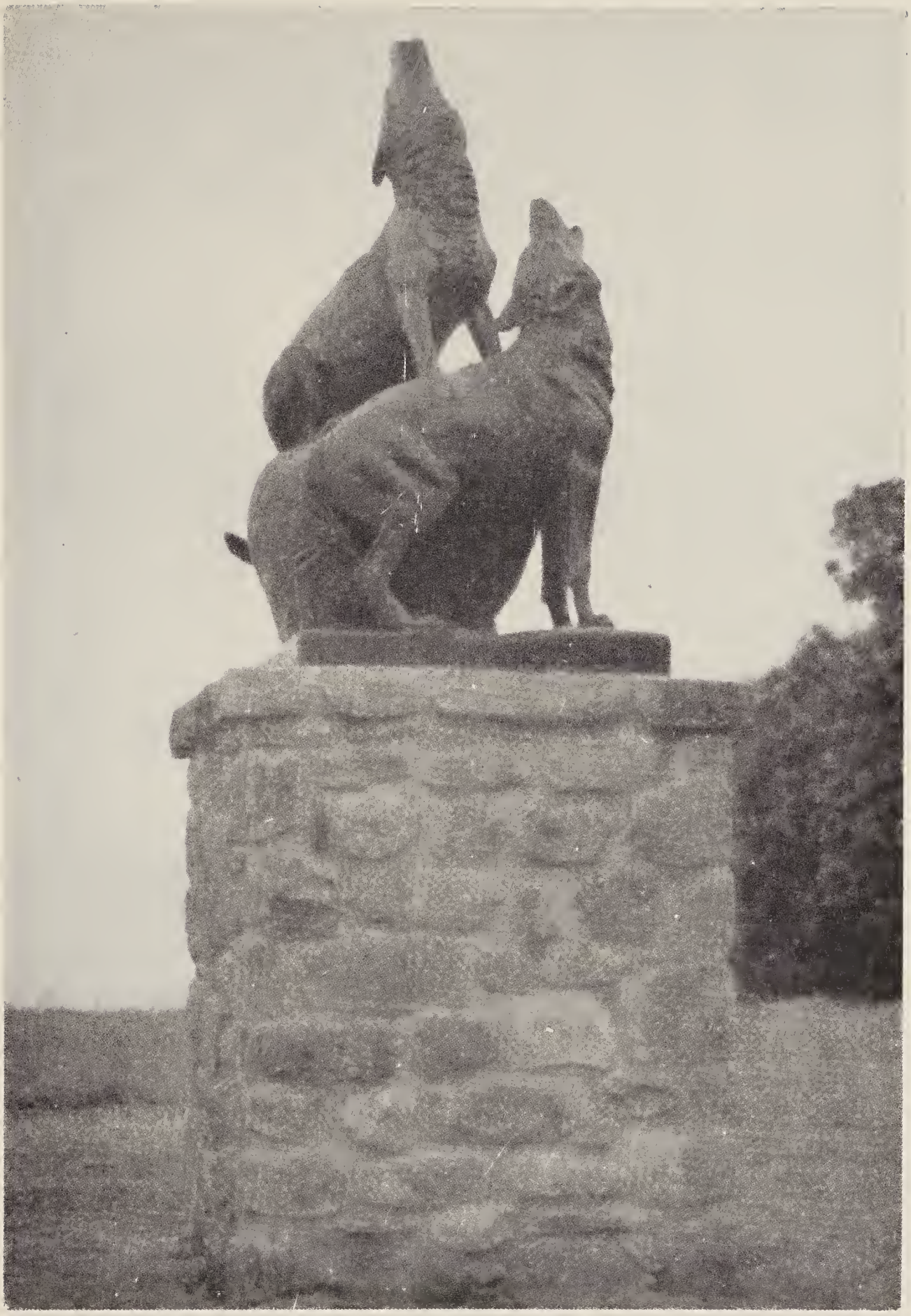
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99 – Kangourou



100 – KANGOUROUS



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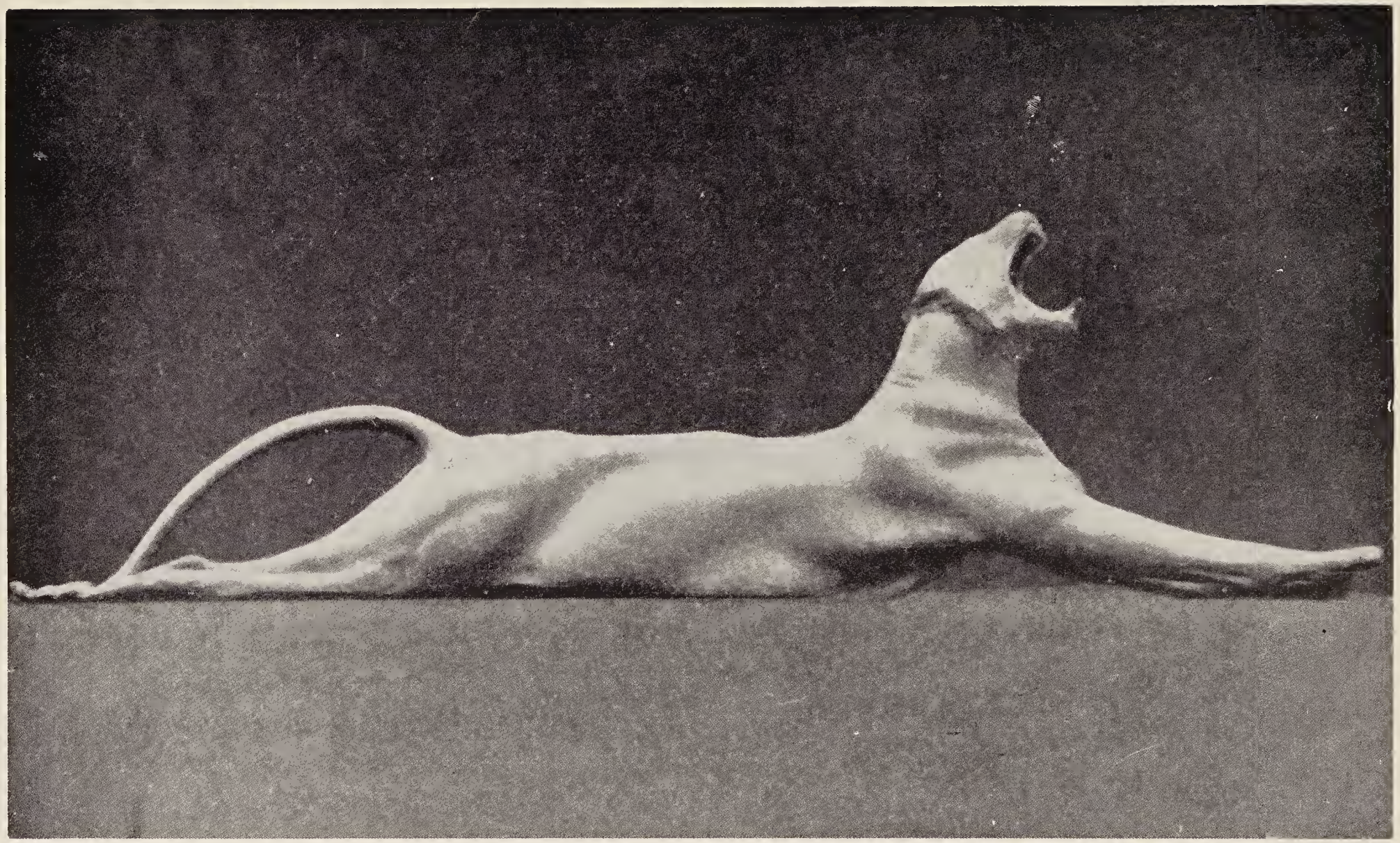
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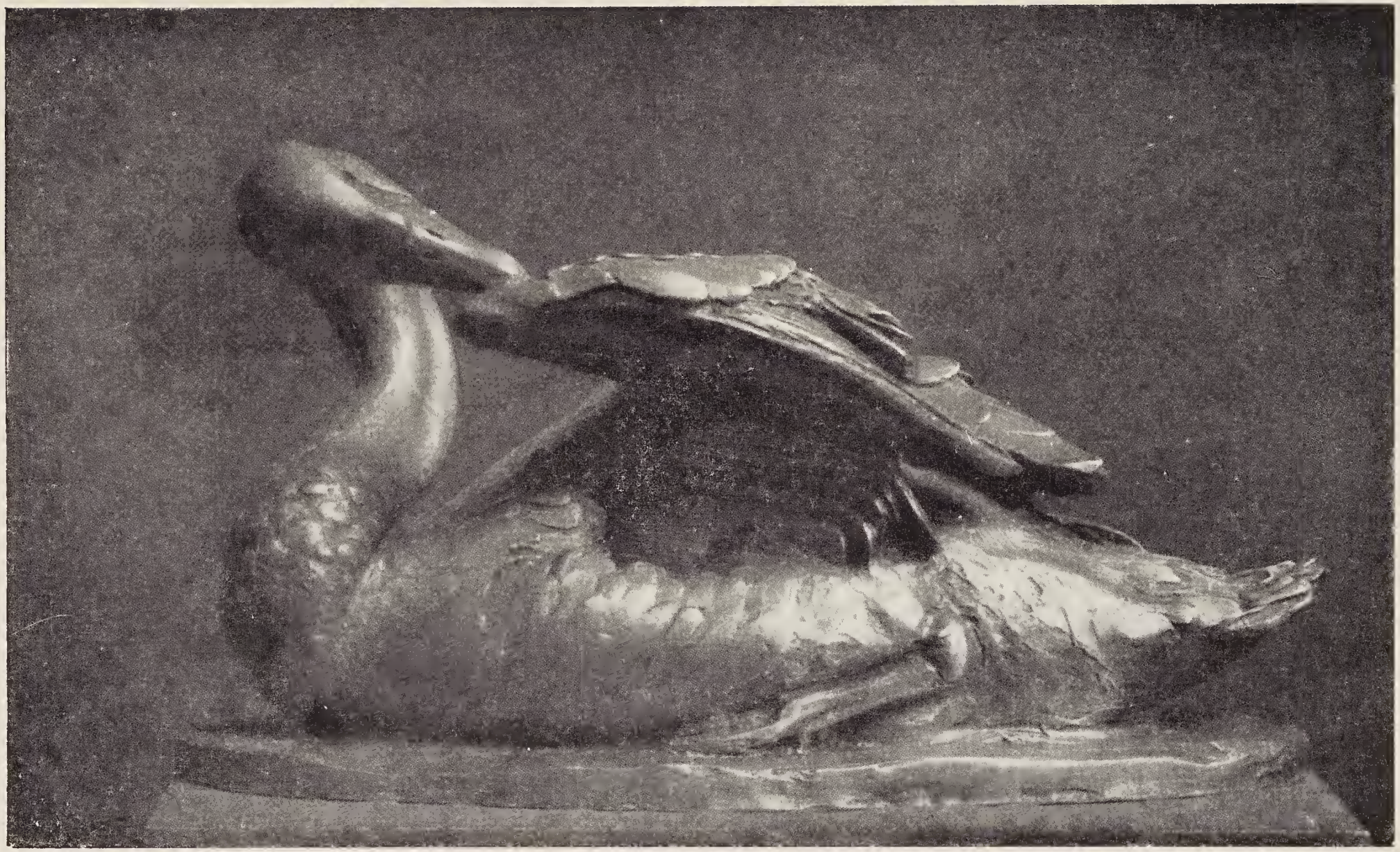


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119 – Fighting peacocks

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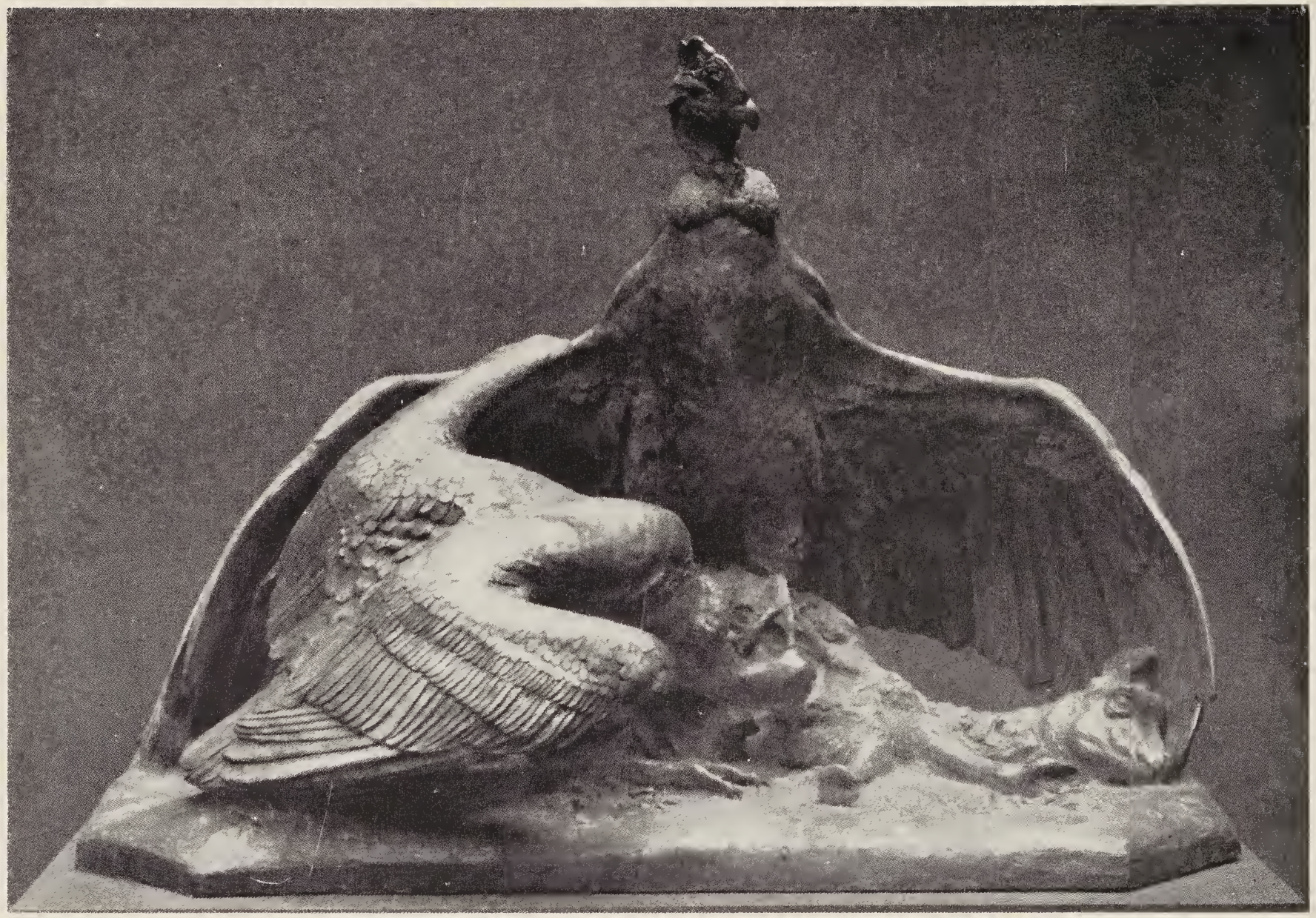
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121 – Fish hawk

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123 – Vulture group

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OF THE SAME AUTHOR

Luigi Aghémo, sculpteur-ciseleur (Torino).
Eugenio Barbieri, peintre (Québec)
Pier-Claudio Pantieri, ceramiste (Trieste).
Henry Clews et la Napoule (Trieste).
R.-A. Schiavoni, sculpteur (Torino).
Giuseppe Bosio, peintre (Torino).
Benedetto d'Amore, sculpteur (Perugia).
Pettinari, sculpteur (Pescara).
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L'«Ingrisme» des dessins de la Pré-Renaissance (*Université de Québec* – Canada).
L'Instauration philosophique et l'Avenir de l'Esthétique (*Communication à l'Institut de Coïmbre*).
L'oeuvre d'Ed. Sandoz devant la critique de la sculpture moderne (*Communication à l'Institut de Coïmbre*).
Teixeira Lopes, sculpteur portugais (*Communication à l'Institut de Coïmbre*).
Nicolas Roerich (*Communication à l'Institut de Coïmbre*).
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Antonino Ugo, sculpteur (Palerme).

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L'étrange destin de Pisanello (Coïmbre et Genève).

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Leonardo et Michel-Ange («*Pro Arte*» – Genève).

Francesco Messina (*Emporium* – Bergame).

Zanelli, d'Annunzio et Gasparo da Salo (*Emporium* – Bergame).

Notes brèves sur la statuaire de la Renaissance Italienne (Milan).

Le nu spiritualisé (Trieste).

Viggo Jarl, sculpteur danois (Copenhague).

L'oeuvre d'Anna Hyatt Huntington (*Preface par Louis Réau, membre de l'Institut et Professeur à la Sorbonne – Oeuvre couronnée par l'Académie des Beaux Arts de Paris*).

L'Opera di Anna Hyatt Huntington (*Publié sous les auspices de l'Academie des Sciences, Lettres et Beaux Arts de Modena, Préface de Paolo Tosel*).

José Storie, peintre flamand (Trieste).

Treccani et l'humanité (Québec).

Duel de la technique et de la spiritualité (Paris).

Veroli, sculpteur napolitain (Trieste).

Gustave Courbet (Paris).

Jacopo della Quercia (Paris).

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Illanès, sculpteur sevillan (Québec).
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